

# PRIX EDITIONS

I N T E R N A T I O N A L

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Martin Brundle Print

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## STREETS AHEAD

**Monaco to Phoenix**  
the best GP reviews

**Martin Brundle**  
street-fighter

**Johnny Herbert**  
easy street?

**Running  
for Home**  
British GP

**PLUS**

**FREE SUPPLEMENT**

A TEN-YEAR TRIBUTE TO  
**Williams**







# Black Sludge!

The sure sign of oil breakdown

By the time you discover it your engine and its performance could be severely damaged

You can replace oil but it's not so easy to restore the engine wear which has certainly occurred when you reach the Black Sludge stage!

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This causes oil thickening, black sludge, varnish and wear, oil screen clogging, rust and corrosion, poor performance and costly engine damage.



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Tests prove a 57% to 72% improvement in protection when Wynn's Supreme is added to quality 10W30 oil.

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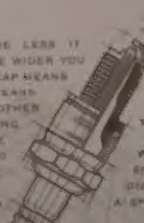
# NEW CHAMPION DOUBLE COPPER. HOT.



# IT'S NOT.



THE COOLER A PLUG RUNS, THE LESS IT ERODES. THE LESS IT ERODES, THE WIDER YOU CAN SET THE SPARK GAP. A WIDER GAP MEANS A STRONGER SPARK, AND THAT MEANS FASTER COLD STARTING AND SMOOTHER ACCELERATION, MORE STABLE IDLING AND INCREASED FUEL EFFICIENCY. BECAUSE MORE OF THE FUEL GETS BURNED, CHAMPION'S NEW DOUBLE COPPER PLUG IS THE ONLY PLUG WITH HEAT-DISSIPATING COPPER



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From 0 - 60 in 6.5 secs and 0 - 100 in 17 secs. The performance from this 1 1/4 ton luxury saloon is positively breathtaking. An immaculately engineered conversion that truly complements the revered quality of this sensational car.



**Turbo VW Golf GTI 16V**  
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**formula one**  
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(This superb budget suit is now available in RED, ROYAL BLUE, NAVY & ORANGE constructed to the highest standards using NOMEX zip, velcro, thread & cuffing)

**SINGLE LAYER NOMEX '89 £59.50**

(As above but with contrasting coloured piping trimming the suit, making this a very attractive yet competitively priced garment)

**SINGLE LAYER F.1. CLUBMAN £79.50**

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**SINGLE LAYER NOMEX £99.50**

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**DOUBLE LAYER NOMEX F.1.S.A. £245.00**

(2 Layers of NOMEX II are used with the inner layer being separate & reversed to give superb comfort with no bulky seams, trimmed with piping and available in all nomex colours)

**DOUBLE LAYER NOMEX BOX F.1.S.A. £265.00**

(As above but with BOX QUILTING or PINSTRIPING)

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(The ULTIMATE in PROTECTION 2 Layers of '88 £345.00 NOMEX III sandwiching NOMEX FELT, finished with BOX QUILTING or PINSTRIPING. '88 style with contrasting piping)

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Our designers threw a wobbly when we asked for a new superzoom. It had to deliver stunning optical performance across seven focal lengths, stretch now from 28 to 210mm and be lighter than its famous predecessor, the 28-200mm!

Luckily, help was at hand in the shape of our little friends here. For just as they were made from a simple mould, so our designers were thus inspired to remodel the interior of the lens. They did this by using an innovative technique of injection moulding themselves. Much more sophisticated but the same principle

nonetheless. It meant that the vital glass elements could function within the lens without excess heavy metal. It was a design breakthrough which reduced the weight by a crucial 50z.



So you outdoor types who appreciate the extra 'throw' this lens gives you will particularly appreciate its lightness when it's around

your neck all day. The 3 Year Guarantee will also take a load off your mind.

All this versatility means 'Practical Photography' magazine voted it their Lens of the Year.

For a copy of an independent test report on the 28-210 superzoom, 'phone 0793-513711.

See what you get with it.

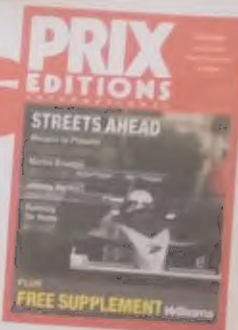
**Vivitar**  
THE ART'S IN THE SCIENCE

The Jelly Baby.

And how we stole a march on the competition.



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Front cover picture: John Townsend's superb study of Martin Brundle making his point very forcefully in Monaco.

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INTERNATIONAL**

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John Townsend

Seen in one context, the statistics 34-35-36 would do little to excite attention. Taken in sporting terms, however, they assume no little significance. Sport — and there is no reason to except Formula 1 from that category — can either gladden or sadden, and the Phoenix Grand Prix did both. There was a hint of both emotions in Ayrton Senna's pole position, which is where the first statistic comes in. Just over two decades ago, Jim Clark took pole position for the 33rd and last time of his career, a record which stood until Senna's exploit in Arizona: pole number 34, the latest milestone in what promises to be one of the all-time great Grand Prix careers. But 34 is also the age of Senna's teammate, Alain Prost, a man under fire, it seems, from all quarters in recent times as the Brazilian accelerated towards a second consecutive World Championship. Phoenix may have stemmed the tide, albeit temporarily: Prost was on 35 World Championship victories, so success in the States — his first-ever in North America — has pushed the Professor even further ahead in the overall standings with 36 Grand Prix wins to his credit. Even if the McLaren wagon rolled on, the problems that sidelined Senna in Phoenix may have made it a less intimidating vehicle, and the rumoured artificial handicaps dreamt up to let the rest catch up may well be as unnecessary as they seem absurd. In a wider context, Phoenix was just the latest in a long line of street circuits to host Formula 1 World Championship races in the States. Long Beach, Dallas, Las Vegas, Detroit...and now Cactus City: is Formula 1 more likely to build an American bridgehead in Arizona than on the concrete of those other cities, or will Phoenix simply underline the fact

# POLE POSITION

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

that "our" World Championship is on shifting sands when it comes to that great continent? Elsewhere in this edition, the Commercial Director of Williams Grand Prix Engineering addresses himself to an issue of paramount importance to a sport that thinks in global terms. How can a sport so dedicated to the pursuit of money — for perfectly good and healthy reasons — rest easy until the high ground of North America is conquered? One small step in the right direction, as that same gentleman from Williams suggests, might be a more careful process of education. Not many years ago, while showing a party of American VIPs round a Formula 1 car in Detroit, I came up against this question: "Say, does this thing have more 'n just one gear?" Moments later, another very important person leant into the car, muttered "Whassis?" and promptly set off the fire extinguisher. Caricature? Only just: and we are

capable of our own dismissive attitudes where American racing is concerned. As Jim Clark said of Indianapolis, "You get an awful lot of money just for turning left 800 times", but as our Adrian Newey feature shows, Indycar racing has its own complexity, its own challenges, and until Formula 1 educates a nation brought up on oval tracks and super-quick average speeds, "our" version of single-seater racing may be left to its current street-sweeping role. Perhaps a purpose-built American F1 arena would be the answer; whatever that answer is, Phoenix proved that in terms of the American public it is still to be found. If Prost's career is about to rise again from recent ashes, the US GP may not yet take wing, Phoenix-like, from the desert heat. And yet, as street circuits go, Phoenix appealed to the F1 drivers. One man who has always excelled between intimidating city walls is Martin Brundle, whom PEI is happy to feature not only on the front cover, but also in the limited edition print which puts the work of Simon Ward before a wider audience. His tribute to Martin captures all the excitement and drama of street-circuit racing, as epitomised by Monaco; and talking of tributes, PEI is proud to honour Williams Grand Prix Engineering, ten years after that memorable first Grand Prix win at Silverstone. I hope our emphasis on matters domestic in this British Grand Prix issue will not diminish the international flavour, either of the magazine or of this endlessly fascinating sport. What price 47 at Silverstone?

STUART SYKES  
EDITOR

*Stuart Sykes*

Flying again: Prost clipped Senna's wings in Phoenix  
(Alberto Pascual/Rondau)





# Keeping Track

BY DAN AHLITSON



McLaren house in crisis? Dennis and Senna seem to think so. (Sennin Pictures)

MONACO — problem solved? The house that Ron built is supposed to be back in order following a flare-up between McLaren drivers Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost at the San Marino Grand Prix. Marlboro McLaren Honda team director Ron Dennis held a press conference in Monaco Thursday to explain why Dennis said that McLaren has never issued team orders to determine the outcome of a race. "That was the case in Imola," Dennis said. "It is the case today and it will continue to be the same in the future." Between themselves, however, Prost and Senna agreed that whoever was first away from the starting line would lead through the first corners. On the restart Prost pulled ahead, but Senna broke the agreement and passed Prost. Later in the week, after tempers had cooled, the team talked

about the incident and Senna apologized to Prost. "As far as we are concerned," Dennis said, "we have resolved the problem. We will operate in a fair manner. We will give them the same equipment and an equal chance at the World Championship. To avoid these problems again I will be party to any arrangements between the drivers."

Sources close to Prost, however, say he is still angry at Senna. In Monaco the French newspaper *L'Equipe* — through F1 contributor Johnny Rives — quoted Prost as saying: "As far as technical discussions are concerned, I will not completely close the door as I had been thinking of asking (McLaren) to do. But in everything else, I don't want to have anything more to do with him. I have always tried to put a lot of effort into human relationships, previously. It worked out well with Lauda, and with Rosberg. I will not allow myself to be tricked by Senna again. I now know what kind of person he is. What I like is honesty. He has not been honest." Prost is said already to be looking hard at a Williams-Renault offer, though a straight driver exchange with Ferrari's Gerhard Berger has also been suggested. Musical chairs — earlier each year, and events in Mexico have started the band playing all the sooner.

Canon Williams set the trend in multi-name, multi-coloursponsorship on their cars, with Benetton and Larrousse now providing even more evidence that several backers can cohabit peacefully on a single stretch of bodywork. Latest convert to the habit is Leyton House March, who appeared in Imola with BP on board and in Monaco added the name of Autoglass — a deal completed on the Saturday morning in the team's motorhome. Now there's not much call for windcreens in Formula One

at the moment, so why would a leader in such specialist glass be keen to break into Grand Prix racing? Marketing Director Mike Cornwell: "This is not an entirely new venture for us, but a change of direction after our happy association with Deton Bell and Porsche in sportscar racing. As a company we regrouped in 1986 and we're now going into Europe. Autoglass in some areas, as Carglass in Belgium, France, Holland and Germany. We've rethought what we're doing, and the aim is to spread the logo across Europe. Now motor racing has done us a lot of good in the past, and the television and hospital opportunities afforded by a booming Formula One should allow local companies to exploit the connection. "We were, in fact, approached by a couple of other teams, but we had a very good feeling about our relationship with March. All right, we're not a Camel or a Marlboro in terms of a Grand Prix profile — not yet! — and the deal with Mr Akagi, Ian Phillips and his team is initially for this season only; but we look forward to making our presence felt this year and who knows how we might build on that relationship." Mind you, I whisper from within the camp suggest we can look forward to another complete rethink — of the car's 1990 colour scheme...



New names on new March in Monaco (Freezing Speed/Blatney)

New rules from Formula One's governing body FISA.

Following a meeting with the constructors in Monaco, these rules will be instituted immediately — banning the use of refrigerated or pressurized fuel, improvement of the structure of the front wings to increase their durability during racing, and permitting the changing of tyres in the event of a restart.

For 1990 FISA has confirmed the following regulations: enlarging the cockpit opening; improving rearward visibility; increasing the interior dimensions of the cockpit; increasing the height and strength of the roll bars; increasing driver protection by raising the sides of the survival tub by 10cm; and creating a new crash test of the complete monocoque which must be able to accept a 20 percent increase in absorbed energy. Following Gerhard Berger's accident in Imola, FISA plans to decrease fire hazards with new fuel tank regulations to be determined at a later date. And FISA plans to inspect the medical facilities at the remaining tracks on the 1989 Formula One schedule.

The March Group PLC has sold its Formula One team, Formula 3000 operations and a scale wind tunnel to Japanese business man Akira Akagi for 6.25 million pounds. Akagi, who owns the Leyton House company which sponsors the Formula One team, also accepted the "cancellation" of his 20 percent share holding in March. Due in part to the poor performance by its CART and Formula 3000 cars in 1988, March recorded losses of 4.49 million pounds that year. March retains its Porsche and Alfa Romeo Indy Car projects, RALT and the Compex company. A press release issued in Monaco stated that the sale to Akagi was part of a major restructuring of the company.

Canon Williams protested the disqualification of driver Thierry Boutsen from fourth place in the San Marino Grand Prix. When the race was stopped following Gerhard Berger's accident, the Williams crew discovered a flat rear tyre on Boutsen's car. The team then asked the stewards of the meet if it was legal for them to change the tyre. Frank Williams: "The stewards said 'leave us alone, we have a major accident to take care off'. So we went to the next senior man — the race director." For safety reasons, he allowed the team to push the car into the pits to

change the tyre. When Ligier protested Williams, the stewards over ruled the race director and disqualified Boutsen. Williams filed an appeal. "If logic prevails," Frank says, "we should win the case. The difficulty is for the court of the FIA to be seen over ruling a decision of their officials. That's why most courts of appeal back the establishment, not the competitor." Happy outcome for Frank: the appeal stood, restoring three points to Williams and Boutsen for fourth place, but demoting Gabriele Tarquini's AGS from that precious point-scoring sixth position — but happily Gabriele did the business again in Mexico.



Boutsen's Williams, reinstated after Imola. (John Townsend)

Joys of sponsorship: while Senna's Marlboro McLaren was romping home in Mexico, up north at the Brickyard Emerson Fittipaldi was taking a dramatic victory in the Indianapolis 500 in his Patrick Racing Penske-Chevrolet, backed by... Marlboro. Nice double.

Since the start of the 1986 season every Grand Prix victory has been scored by one of only five drivers — Gerhard Berger, Nigel Mansell, Nelson Piquet, Alain Prost and Ayrton Senna. Keke Rosberg won in Australia at the end of 1985. The win streak by the gang of five is now 52 and counting.

The Leyton House March team debuted its new CG891 chassis and the 1989 spec Judd engine in Monaco. Drivers Mauricio Gugelmin and Ivan Capelli spent most of the weekend slaving in the latest creations by Adrian Newey. Lotus and McLaren have notified March team manager Ian Phillips that they will probably protest the new March sometime in the future. The protest would concern the foot-box which, Phillips says, is a "grey rule area."

Practice and qualifying in Monaco are held on Thursday and Saturday. With Friday being a light work day, half a

dozen of the Camel Team Lotus mechanics accepted Nelson Piquet's invitation to spend an after-noon on his new boat. "Nelson's rowboat," as tyreman Clive Hicks called it, is 35 metres long and comes complete with its own helicopter.

Philippe Streiff, who suffered serious injuries in a testing accident in Brazil in April, has left the hospital and gone to a rehabilitation centre. He has regained some sensation in his upper body, but remains paralysed from the waist down. Readers can send their cards and letters to Philippe at: Service Presse AGS, 32 Boulevard Flandrin, 75116 Paris, France.



Alex Cofas was also jumping for joy after being reinstated. (LAT)

"I have never done it before," Nigel Mansell said proudly. "It" was the back to back eagles that he shot during a golf game on the Isle of Man. On two successive holes he shot two under par. Each drive landed about a metre from the hole and he needed only one putt to sink each ball. "Then I shot seven on the next hole!" he said. Mansell has been putting in some hours as a co-pilot in Harrier fighter jets. Recently he and the pilot got permission to "buzz" the deck of their aircraft carrier. (Like "Maverick" Tom Cruise kept doing in the film *Top Gun*.) How low did they go? Mansell wasn't about to tell.



Mansell, flying in more than the Ferrari! (Alliperti/Pascal Rondou)



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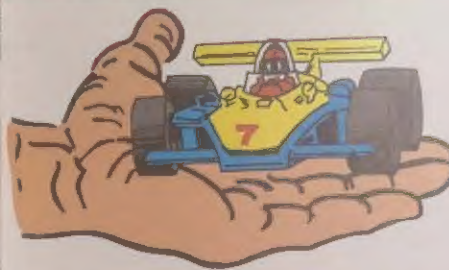
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## ON THE OTHER HAND

**I**n the unlikely event of the temperatures in Monte Carlo falling below freezing point, the Monegasques can now refer to the meteorological decline as 'Bronze Cat' weather.

Since our last visit to the Principality, a large cat has appeared in Casino Square. Fashioned in bronze by Fernando Botero, the creature looks as though it has been acquainted with Ben Johnson and a course of steroids. And, while the species may only be determined by large whiskers at the front, the rear end leaves no doubt about the animal's gender.

Botero is a talented (it says here) and well-known sculptor from Mexico — which explains a lot. It also means the model for his excesses in bronze was certainly not found among the undernourished moggies roaming the streets of Botero's capital city.

Mexico City, for all the smiling optimism of the locals, has little to recommend it. And Alain Prost's views of racing there may be forever coloured by the 95 minutes of apparent humiliation suffered at the hands of Ayrton Senna on 28th May.

It seemed, quite simply, that 'The Professor' got it wrong when Senna out-guessed him on the question of tyre choice. It was as catastrophic as Michael Fish informing the nation in October 1987 that rumours of a hurricane were greatly exaggerated. The damage inflicted on Prost's reputation was just as devastating although it should be said that the McLaren team did not help by twice fitting the wrong tyres each time Prost stopped to put matters right. So, the initial tyre choice was down to Prost. At least he admitted that. But he also expressed concern over the manner in which Senna's engine appeared to have an edge which



Nice legs, shame about the... Monaco's new weather vane!

(John Townsend)

kept Prost at arm's length — even when Alain tried to slip-stream Ayrton in the early laps. The most telling factor of all, though, was the manner in which Senna whistled past Prost not long after Alain had stopped for fresh tyres. Just when you would have expected Alain to pull away — and he said he was much quicker through the last corner — Ayrton appeared to have the use once more of a turbo boost button. McLaren will rightly be appalled by the suggestion that they are anything less than fair in these matters. The drivers drew engine numbers from a hat — presumably they declined the use of the FISA President's chapeau since the numbers would have been lost within its vast expanse — but such a seemingly equitable piece of team management has nothing more than cosmetic value and merely deflects any criticism towards

Honda. Perhaps that's the intention. Ever since Honda began to dominate in Formula One, there have been muttered accusations of favouritism which, it has to be said, usually emanate from the man who finished second. Certainly, Honda's stunning technology is such that a chip the size of a razor blade can make a ten per cent difference in fuel consumption. Think of what that is worth in terms of weight saving. And whatever chip Senna had on board in Mexico, it seemed better cooked than the version which was causing Prost to simmer gently in his car.

All of this came at a bad time for Alain. One topic of conversation, exchanged in hushed, almost disbelieving tones, concerned his admission that he had not been driving as hard as he could during the final stages of the Monaco Grand Prix, when all seemed lost to his precocious

THE MAURICE HAMILTON COLUMN



teammate. Certainly, Prost's lap times tell the story. He set the fastest lap at three-quarter distance and then rolled off his pace by around two seconds a lap. Had he remained at speed, he might have been able to force Senna into an error as he struggled with gearbox trouble.

You have to admire Prost's honesty; others would have blamed everyone from the chief designer to the man who paints the white lines on the streets of the Principality. None the less, the admission sent ripples of shock through the paddock in Mexico City.

"I couldn't believe it," said Derek Warwick. "Prost, for me, has always been The Man. I've always looked up to him. Now, for the first time, I've got my doubts. I just don't know how a driver can do anything but go flat out in a situation like that."

Martin Brundle agreed, but added an interesting rider. "I think he should have tried harder. Look what he did to Ayrton at Monaco in 1988; he could have forced another mistake this time. But maybe it's okay to do that if you've won 35 Grands Prix. Who am I to say? Maybe that's part of the reason for his success; I don't know."

Ken Tyrrell wished for more time to consider the facts: "I would like to examine the lap times in more detail before saying anything because, as I understand it, Senna had lost first gear but he didn't lose second until near the end. In which case he would have been difficult to catch. But, whatever happened, I suppose you have to say there was no need for Prost to give up like that. It was very surprising."

Ken, of course, knows the true meaning of dogged persistence. The team in the Marks & Spencer gear has embarrassed expensively clothed rivals with 10 times the budget and there was genuine pleasure to be derived from Michele Alboreto's third place in Mexico.

From the moment the 018 Tyrrell appeared for the first time at Imola, Tyrrell have endured the frustration similar to a child receiving an expensive toy for Christmas, only to discover it has no batteries. The reputations of Harvey Postlethwaite and Jean-Claude Migeot hung on 018, of course, and when Jonathan Palmer finished sixth on the road at Imola, Harvey removed his head-set, looked to the heavens and shut his eyes.

The car clearly worked — and worked well. And, for quite some time after-

wards, Ken stood transfixed by the Longines monitor, almost as if he couldn't believe the figures displayed before him. The contrast with the McLaren men further along the pit lane was stark.

Here was Tyrrell with the monitor balanced on the pit wall — no fancy platform for the pit crew to work from; not even an umbrella to provide shade. McLaren, meanwhile, were casually taking apart a tubular structure which would have confounded an expert scaffolder from Dublin.



Critical moment: Senna whistled past re-tyred Prost (Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)



Critical gaze: Prost doubtful about engine equality (Allsport/Vandystadt)

A second 018 chassis was then time for Monaco — just. To get there, Tyrrell had to take two and a pension, drove one of the some of the distance. He has his HGV licence from the days of Tyrrell Bros., Lumber Merchants, operated out of the same yard as the team is now based. Apprehensive at first, Ken soon got the feel of the \$65,000 MANITA unit. He enjoyed every minute and did much to deflate the pomposity of his rivals. But how he can smile while working without a financial safety net, I don't know. There he was, watching his two being hurled round Monaco with knowledge that there were no spares and only a handful of engines. As much for Palmer and Alboreto as they brought the cars home with a mark to either the equipment or the team's overdraft. And, even when Jonathan performed a staggering high-speed spin which ended against the tyre barrier opposite the pits in Mexico, Ken remained calm. Mind you, he stopped smiling, but the grin returned when it was discovered that the chassis was undamaged. Which was just as well since there was no spare car. But, even so, the shunt wiped off the nose cone (value \$9,000 minimum) and the rear wing. Happily they had a new nose available simply because it had been reasoned that this was one spare no team could do without. And, by good fortune, Ken had brought one of the latest of wings with him as last-minute baggage. Then Michele, using one of the only six engines available (about a third of the number a team needs in order to be fully competitive)



Critical performance: Alboreto in the 018 brought smiles to Tyrrell faces (Allsport/Vandystadt)



finished third as he hung on to the Williams-Renault of Riccardo Patrese. At the end of the fourth round, the Constructors' Championship showed Tyrrell with seven points; Lotus, Zero. Lotus have come under strong attack in the press recently, mainly due to the seemingly inept performances by their three-times World Champion. At Mexico, Nelson Piquet looked pathetic. Watching from the entrance to the daunting 180 degree banked turn, it was as plain as the bright yellow Camel colour scheme that Satoru Nakajima was in a different league going through this corner. Nelson had all the uncertainty of a novice and I'm sure there were good reasons for this. Or, at least, one hopes so since Frank Dernie's car is surely not as bad as Piquet made it look.

It is very easy to criticise from the sidelines, just as it is easy to say that journalists don't know the full facts. But you couldn't help but wonder what must have been going through the minds of the Camel personnel as the multi-sponsored yellow car lurched round the Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez in vain pursuit of the plain blue Tyrrell.

Some say that Nelson has simply lost his balls but, whatever the reason, that is hardly an accusation which can be levelled against Signor Botero's masterpiece in Casino Square. □

Feeling small: Piquet had a dismal Mexico

(LAT)



1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP — RACE NO. 3

# RACE REPORT MONACO

DAVID TREMAYNE



It could have been the best race of the season so far. Indeed, it should have been. The 1989 Monaco Grand Prix had all the ingredients for a stunning encounter.

Ayrton Senna had taken his 32nd pole position — one short of Jimmy Clark's record, with a stupendous performance. He and Alain Prost were in a state of open warfare following Senna violating an agreement they had made about passing manoeuvres in the early laps of a race. That was why Prost had been so angry in Imola. Ron Dennis had tried to oil the water by saying Ayrton had apologised to Alain during pre-race testing at Pembrey. Ayrton, meanwhile, remained silent, but intimated to friends that if Prost didn't like things, he could always try to catch him.

In the race, that was precisely what he did. Everyone got through the first lap scramble at Ste Devote without so much as a crunched nose fin, but by the end of it Senna looked long gone as he stretched open a two second gap.

Prost wasn't hanging about either; lap for lap he tracked his rival, jinking a little here, feinting there, trying all his subtle Terrorist tactics to unsettle him.

It looked good, and it augured well for the race's prospects, especially as Senna's reduced pace allowed Thierry Boutsen, Nigel Mansell and Martin Brundle to close up. It went wrong for spectators on lap 16, when Senna managed to lap Gugelmin just before Tabac, whereas Alain simply came across him at a bad point. Senna, canny as ever, put on a little spurt to cement his new cushion, and thereafter the traffic as ever, worked in his favour.

Prost was eight seconds the wrong side of Senna, when he came up to lap his old Renault team-mate and adversary Rene Arnoux. Senna had caught the Ligier in just the right spot to pass before Ste Devote. Alain was less fortunate. It was hard to recall that the man stumbling round in the blue JS33 was the same one who had dominated the 1982 race, or piled round crumbling, heat-baked Dallas in 1984 to finish second. In Monaco, Rene was a bloody liability.

When he finally barged past at Loews (he can do it when he wants) Prost set off after Senna again, and again he was delayed. This time the lamentably tardy Nelson Piquet didn't see Andrea de Cesaris flying down the inside at Loews to lap him. When he turned in the

cars touched and sat side by side, interlocked in mutual disharmony, until the marshals pulled them apart. Prost was delayed a long time as traffic queued to squeeze through. It was enough to spell *finis* to his aspirations, but predictably he saw the funny side of it. "It was a joke," he shrugged. "I almost laughed in my helmet. But, this is Monaco!"

What nobody knew was that Senna was in serious trouble as the race moved on. First gear had begun jumping out of engagement, and he adapted by using second in the hairpins. Then that gear packed up, and he was badly compromised. He had to start shaving walls, sliding the car, to try and maintain an acceptable average. Above all, he didn't want Alain to get any ideas. "I was in trouble."

It was a cunning ploy, brilliantly executed. Prost never did get a snarl. In the end, Ayrton got his sweetsixteen victory in crushing style. Prost the fastest race lap and six points to share the World Championship lead.

Williams left with nothing, just points less 10th and 15th places for Thierry Boutsen and Riccardo Patrese respectively after qualifying had promised much more. The Belgian loved his Renault's torque and power, FW12C.

traction, but nevertheless planted it firmly in third slot on the grid. And there he stayed, comfortably, in the race, until the unthinkable happened. His rear wing broke.

Patrick Head is still mortified that the rear suspension broke in Rio. The Boutsen failure taxed him greatly, since Patrese's car, delayed already and obliged to start from the rear when low fuel pressure prevented him getting away on the final parade lap, had suffered a similar fate.

After the delays Patrese in particular stormed back, but both had lost too much time. The message was clear, though; FW13 cannot come too soon to close the gap to McLaren.

Ferrari, too, left Monaco disappointed, and torn by political problems following two worrying failures during qualifying. The good news was that Gerhard Berger was present to watch, looking fit. The bad news is that Mansell had a rear suspension breakage on Thursday morning, a front wing failure on Saturday morning. Both occurred in Casino Square, neither impressed him. Each time only skill and a lot of luck kept him out of the walls.

Shrugging aside fears of his health, Mansell got straight back to work in the spare car time, and wound up fifth on the grid, liking the advantage of his semi-automatic gearbox on upchanges, less convinced of its merit changing down. He beat Brundle off the line to grab fourth, took third with Boutsen's demise, and was then passed by Martin as he began to struggle for gears. Then the electronics quit again, and that was that.

Brundle looked destined for better things, especially as he coolly passed Mansell by the pits on lap 27. Then fate dealt a cruel blow. A small top-end misfire became something more serious, and he slammed in to the pits for a fresh battery. The old, discharged unit is located beneath his seat, so he had to hop out for agonising seconds as it was changed. He boiled back into the race 10th, and managed to salvage sixth by the flag, together with second fastest race lap.

If the Englishman's superb performance went unrewarded, Brabham still salvaged something, as Stefano Modena swept smoothly and unobtrusively into Brundle's position and held it to the end. Minor changes to the two Biotron BT58s, particularly to their brakes, had prevented their pre-qualifying pace evaporating as the weekend wore on, and both drivers capitalised fully on solid grid positions. Their performances were also a telling indication of Pirelli's progress.

In fact, Dario Calsavara and his men were rubbing their hands, with Alex Caffi taking his Scuderia Italia Dallara to an excellent fourth. He might even have been able to challenge



Above: No slip-up this time: Senna was untouchable  
Below: You push, I'll pull... De Cesaris and Piquet tangle as Aloceto squeezes through



Modena for third, had he not made a poor start and fallen behind Gabriele Tarquini's finely driven AGS for the first 44 laps. As the two circled nose to tail, the former Formula 3000 champ was able to eke out an insuperable margin. De Cesaris, too, was in rare old form in his BMS 189. Sixth by lap three, he seemed a surefire bet either to challenge Modena or throw his car into the wall. Instead, Piquet took him out in that crass move, and thereafter he pounded back to a frustrated 13th. Tarquini made a big impression, especially when he snatched fifth quickest time in Thursday's qualifying. He dropped to 13th on the grid by Saturday, but that was nevertheless a terrific effort. Sadly, his engine began misfiring from lap 10, and finally expired as he came through Loews on lap 47.

The other great hard luck story of the meeting concerned Derek Warwick. Always a Monaco specialist, he went there brimful of optimism, and only an incorrect assumption on the state of the track and the right time to use his two sets of qualifiers 'restricted' him to sixth on the grid. "In retrospect, it wasn't as bad as I'd thought and it worked against me," he admitted. Despite that he was a comfortable sixth, containing de Cesaris, for the first two laps, no doubt breathing a sigh of relief after causing the first start to be aborted when a snagging clutch stalled his DFR. Then, as he came down the hill from Casino Square, the USF&G Arrows' began to plume smoke from an electrical short circuit. By Portier it was all over. Arrows nearly scored a point, thanks to Eddie Cheever. The likeable American couldn't balance his A11 all weekend, but had survived his way to seventh



by lap 69. He was chasing Ivan Capelli, whose debutant March CG891 was trailing a plume of smoke from its left exhaust that tantalised observers each time round. By the time the Leyton House machine expired, however, Brundle had swept by Eddie to profit instead.

For March, Monaco was a trial. All through qualifying Capelli and Gugelmin struggled to unlearn their 881 experience and to adapt to the new CG891's totally different characteristics, but Mauricio's jammed in first on the warm-up lap and forced him to race the relatively unsorted 881, which eventually seized its Judd. Capelli, meanwhile, had scrapped with Arnoux at Loews on lap one and damaged the bodywork that protects the electrics, and 'electrical trouble was the reason given for his late stoppage near Rascasse. The one consolation was that the team has at least got some race experience with its new car and engine.

Tyrrell had been in that position in Imola, where Palmer had taken fifth, and in Monaco Michele Alboreto repeated that result after a smooth run under continual pressure from Sandro Nannini's gripless Benetton until the latter's brakes began fading.

Michele was a little lucky. He'd refused to drive an old 017B on Thursday, preferring to wait for his 018 to arrive for Saturday, whereupon he promptly found a clear lap and went a second faster than team-mate Palmer. JP was further irritated when, having let Michele lap him in order to have a go at Arnoux, he subsequently found the Italian holding him up once they'd both passed the tiger. Holding him up, and displaying reluctance to let him by... Once he did overtake, Palmer pulled away markedly.

Part of Palmer's problem was shared by Piquet and Herbert: Arnoux. Lap after lap he played blocker to a large crocodile, eventually chopping Herbert as he had done in qualifying, and hitting one of his front wings. It was all the Briton needed as he struggled with what has suddenly become an uncompetitive car. For Benetton, the B189 could not race soon enough.

Like Dallara, Minardi looked good as Martini qualified 11th, but his race lasted three laps before his clutch broke, and slower team-mate Sala had his engine blow. There was a cheer for Coloni, however, as 1985 Monaco Formula Three winner Pierre-Henri Raphanel and Roberto Moreno qualified. The former ran well ahead of Piquet until his gearbox broke, while Roberto wrestled with poor handling until suffering the same fate.

Piquet's tangle with de Cesaris, frankly, must have been a relief, for it put Lotus fans out of the misery of watching its supposed team leader trundling aimlessly round, mesmerised by Raphanel's gearbox.

The race's other Frenchmen were

out of luck. Alliot ran in a midfield bunch comprising Alboreto, Nannini, himself, Cheever and Capelli, until his Lamborghini engine lost its edge, while Grouillard again overshadowed Arnoux but retired early with broken transmission. Dalmás, like Christian Danner in the Rial and Satoru Nakajima in the second Lotus 101, failed to make the qualifying cut. Osella just missed out on prequalifying Piercarlo

Ghinzani, but Onyx, West Zakspeed, Foitek in The Euro Brun, Weidner, the second Rial and Winkelhock in the second AGS were all too slow to become part of the select quarter which went through to official qualifying. But when you think three of the four were Brundle, Modena and Caffi, who all showed so well in the race, perhaps that was nothing to be ashamed of. □



Left: Mighty Modena saw Brundle back on the rostrum  
Centre Left: Eyes right and everything else, as Caffi collected those precious first points

(Keith Sutton)  
Centre Right: Prost was delayed by the De Cesaris-Piquet incident but raised a smile off-track

(Sporting Pictures)  
Bottom: Fiat battery and Brundle sparked and saved sixth place



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# RACE REPORT MEXICO

Action Senna and Alain Prost moved further apart in the World Championship chase – figuratively and literally – as the former dominated the Mexican Grand Prix to take his 17th victory and his third of the season. The Brazilian, starting from his 33rd pole position and thus equalling the record set by Jim Clark, breezed the race after a canny tyre choice. On the abrasive notoriously bumpy Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez, he opted for Goodyear's harder B compound radials on his left wheels, and the softer Cs on the right. Prost, seeking an advantage and to exploit his legendary kindness to his tyres, went for Cs all round. It was a mistake. Interestingly, the other strong Goodyear runner, Ferrari ran Cs all round on its brace of F1 89s but where the John Barnard chassis were easy on their tyres, Prost's McLaren wasn't. After hounding Senna initially, the Frenchman pitted with a blistered left front. By this time he had decided Bs were the way to go on the left hand side but by mistake he was given a C on the left rear. Having recovered to fifth place,

he then blistered and he had to start over again after another stop. What was significant? In apart from that and unpredictable handling thought to have been caused on his original Cs by tyre pressures that rose with the temperature was the way Senna could outgun him on the main straight. The Frenchman left no doubt that he is unhappy with the equality of engines even though he and Senna are said to choose them by drawing numbers out of a hat. He hinted darkly that that would be a factor exerting serious influence when he comes to make up his mind by June whether to stay with McLaren for a seventh season. Already, the rumour mill suggests he is entertaining a big offer from Williams Renault. Senna went as he pleased as Prost recovered to fifth, but once again the Ferraris didn't make the flag. In Mexico a new overhead air intake improved the V12's punch, and the red cars were closer to the McLarens than they have been since Rio, an encouragement as development engines are said to be in the pipeline. However, one

team insider remarked of the latter "Yes, the same way the cheque, always in the post." Gerhard Berger duly appeared in the wheel of the second car, spurred into action when Cesare Fiorio proposed to give Nicola Larini a run should he prove unfit, and the Austrian did a brave job to qualify sixth and run ahead of Mansel for a third for a while. The Englishman soon blasted by, and set fastest lap as he chased Senna from 10 seconds back, but both cars eventually succumbed to gearbox failure. Promise was also unfulfilled at the March camp, where Ivan Capelli pulled the team out of the mire of Friday's qualifying by setting a superb fourth fastest time on Saturday. Adrian Newey and his crew were now beginning to understand what makes their Cosworth tick and Capelli was delighted with it. Mexico, however, simply wasn't destined to be Leyton House March's race. When Stefano Modena spun into Brabham into the 180 degree hairpin Peralta right hander on the opening lap, a whole series of little incidents was triggered off and

the race...  
Capelli...  
set around...  
damaging...  
hurriedly strapped...  
Goodyear's car...  
Brazilian had been...  
At the second start...  
away and started...  
lane, but lasted...  
before a drive...  
The way was...  
Riccardo Patrese...  
Renault. In the...  
and teammate Th...  
circled nose to tail...  
Belgian's car suffered...  
electrics cut out that had brought...  
the Italian to a halt during Friday's...  
free practice. Thereafter Riccardo...  
concentrated on bringing his B...  
shod car home a strong second...  
ahead of Michele Alboreto's C...  
shod Tyrrell.

Uncle Ken's new car impressed greatly in Mexico, where its aerodynamic excellence saw Jonathan Palmer and Michele well up all weekend, and only an off at Peralta on Saturday morning prevented Palmer backing Alboreto more. At the time of his shunt, which did little damage, he was holding fastest time...  
From a lowly grid position Palmer charged up to 12th when his throttle cable broke. Michele meanwhile ran very comfortably behind the Williams duo and was able to begin pressurising Patrese until he felt his DFR-spec DF7 beginning to lose its edge. He had used the same unit for qualifying so eased back a little to finish an excellent third ahead of Sandro Nannini's Benetton.

The Witney team had had its hopes of debuting its fast new B189 in Mexico, but had persistent problems with crankshaft vibration on Ford's new V8, so the trusty but overweight B188s were pressed back into service. Nannini did a solid job for another three points, but loss of fourth then third gears kept teammate Johnny Herbert well out of the picture.

The final point in what became a dead-dull race fell to the Italian Gabriele Tarquini, who drove superbly in the AGS JH23 to hound Derek Warwick for the first 35 laps. The Englishman had lost third gear in his Arrows on lap two, but struggled on until his electrics cut out, leaving Tarquini a clear run for the French team's first proper World Championship







point (The appeal by Williams and Dallara having taken away the one he was given following their disqualification at Imola) Eddie Cheever in the other Arrows hauled himself from 24th to seventh, but for the third race in a row just missed out on a point.

Both Ligiers lost their clutches after eight and 10 laps respectively, but that did not stop the impressive Grouillard bringing his home a solid eighth ahead of the slow-on-the-straight Brabhams of Brundle and Modena, but all of them would have been headed by Stefan Johansson in the new Onyx had its clutch not expired. The Swede prequalified the car for the first time and was charging catching Nannini by half a second a lap, when the failure occurred.

That was a more impressive performance than either of the Lotus, the press on Nakajima spinning off when third gear jumped out once too often, Nelson Piquet qualifying last and finishing a lacklustre 11th. The Dallaras were also out of luck. Caffi spinning when as high as 14th. De Cesaris dropping out with low fuel pressure. Alort's sole qualifying Lola was troubled with electrical gremlins throughout as the flywheel's

**HONDA**  
F-1 GRAND-PRIX RACING TEAM



Ignition sensor gave trouble, while Pier Luigi Martini had a fight on his hands in the new Minardi M189 which proved most unhappy over the bumps. That was in marked contrast to the Lola, which handled them better than anything else. Martini's struggle was finally halted by engine failure.

While Volker Weidler joined Bertrand Gachot, Gregor Foitek, Nicola Larini, Piercarlo Ghinzani, Joachim Winkelhock and the Zak-speed duo in failing to prequalify, Christian Danner brought his Rial home 12th after an undramatic but trouble-free run. The 1989 Mexican Grand Prix

was anything but a memorable event, but it provided Senna with revenge for his 1988 beating at Prost's hands. More than that, however, it showed that there are chinks in McLaren's armour and drove yet another nail into the coffin of Prost's relationship with the team he did so much to push forward in the mid Eighties. Within the business he is looked upon as a McLaren driver who uses a Honda engine, Senna, in contrast, is a Honda driver who uses a McLaren chassis. The difference may be small, but the signs are it could prove critical.

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Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez,  
Mexico City  
28th May 1989

Circuit Length: 2.747 miles 4.421km

Laps: 69



### Drivers' World Championship

Ayrton Senna	4
Nelson Piquet	1
Mika Hakkinen	1
Stefano Modena	1
Roberto Benetton	1
Alain Prost	1
Gerhard Berger	1
Andrea de Adamich	1
Gianni Morandi	1
Roberto Benetton	1
Alain Prost	1
Gerhard Berger	1
Andrea de Adamich	1
Gianni Morandi	1
Roberto Benetton	1
Alain Prost	1
Gerhard Berger	1
Andrea de Adamich	1
Gianni Morandi	1

### Constructors' World Championship

McLaren	4
Williams	1
Benetton	1
Ferrari	1
Agip	1
Alfa Romeo	1
Lotus	1
March	1
Onoda	1
Proton	1
Repsol	1
Shell	1
Texaco	1
Unipet	1
Yamanote	1
Zenith	1

### Official Starting Grid

1	Ayrton Senna
2	McLaren Hor
3	27
4	6
5	28
6	4
7	5
8	8
9	Stefano Modena
10	Brabham-Judd
11	26
12	Ligier-DFR
13	19
14	Alessandro Nannini
15	Benetton Ford
16	12
17	30
18	40
19	20
20	21
21	7
22	36
23	38
24	10
25	25
26	11

### Race Classification

1	Ayrton Senna	36 06 926
2	McLaren Hor	36 06 926
3	27	36 06 926
4	6	36 06 926
5	28	36 06 926
6	4	36 06 926
7	5	36 06 926
8	8	36 06 926
9	Stefano Modena	36 06 926
10	Brabham-Judd	36 06 926
11	26	36 06 926
12	Ligier-DFR	36 06 926
13	19	36 06 926
14	Alessandro Nannini	36 06 926
15	Benetton Ford	36 06 926
16	12	36 06 926
17	30	36 06 926
18	40	36 06 926
19	20	36 06 926
20	21	36 06 926
21	7	36 06 926
22	36	36 06 926
23	38	36 06 926
24	10	36 06 926
25	25	36 06 926
26	11	36 06 926

### Non Qualifiers

McLaren	4
Williams	1
Benetton	1
Ferrari	1
Agip	1
Alfa Romeo	1
Lotus	1
March	1
Onoda	1
Proton	1
Repsol	1
Shell	1
Texaco	1
Unipet	1
Yamanote	1
Zenith	1

### Non-Pre Qualifiers

McLaren	4
Williams	1
Benetton	1
Ferrari	1
Agip	1
Alfa Romeo	1
Lotus	1
March	1
Onoda	1
Proton	1
Repsol	1
Shell	1
Texaco	1
Unipet	1
Yamanote	1
Zenith	1





# 1993 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP - RACE NO 5

# RACE REPORT

# USA

DAVID TREMAYNE

reasonable circuit with the organisers' patriotic Brit. Oh, Poole, Detroit, only marginally better body at USA seem that American race speed. They do 11 cars falling noise run as they point between concrete 100mph. One of the pieces of newspaper, Detroit's initial race slammed 11 cars for averaging the sort of 80mph speeds any John or Jane Doe could reach on the freeway in their prehistoric two-ton barges! Okay that was full of fallacies you or I could puncture in a moment! But the fact is, marginally interested American spectators don't stop to think like that. They don't stop to think that their dinosaurs might only average 20mph if they took to door-handling them round the streets against a stopwatch. They love figures, preferably high ones. And they want to be entertained not to be knowledgeable enough to win a motorsport Mastermind.

With their homegrown classic at Indianapolis only the previous week, they could watch A1 Unser Junior and the Andreitis fighting it out with Emerson Fittipaldi at speeds well over 200mph. Indeed, Michael put in four laps at 220 according to Tyler Alexander. Phoenix was supposed to have an average speed around 115 to 120mph, but Senna's fastest lap turned out to be only 90.414.

Where are the great American circuits that would let the F1 cars show their true pace? Watkins Glen has gone firmly to closed wheel racing, but what's wrong with Elkhart Lake or Laguna Seca? We are told that the latter presents a crowd problem, but then so did Phoenix. It didn't have one.

Thank God for Eddie Cheever. The fact that he is a Phoenixian was pure coincidence, but it might just have made next year's race. For to be sure, the guy is a pure racer. As is, he had a qualifying full of aggravation and characterised by the search for balance. "I just can't drive a car with no front end grip," he had wailed on Saturday night, almost tearing out his hair. "I told them to do anything to the goddam car. Change everything, make it run upside down. Just get me something that turns in." Well, the Arrows crew did, and he used it



For the... lap and...  
Carwick wasn't...  
ated the Briton and...  
Dallas! his move...  
Turn One on lap...  
Andrea simply moved him into...  
One of our drivers should be in...  
fail the other should have finished...  
second," said team manager Patri...

Psychological warfare is an interesting phenomenon. Take the respective summaries of the Phoenix GP of the USA from Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost as an example.

Senna: "It was the easiest race I'd ever driven at the front of a field. My car was perfect and I was in complete control."

Prost: "I had a very good chance of winning even when Senna was still ahead. My car felt very good today once its engine temperatures had fallen when I dropped back initially. For sure passing Ayrton would not have been easy but I had a good chance."

This time Ron Dennis didn't have any accusations of engine layoutism to counter. Prost was quiet on that front this weekend as he and Senna went their separate ways towards the ultimate goal. What he *did* have, however, was a shattered monocoque to contemplate, and thus no spare car for the race. For the first time in his McLaren career, Prost had actually destroyed a chassis when he backwashed on the wall in Turn 14, the tricky double apex left hander

leading on to the pit straight during Saturday's free practice.

It was one of those rare incidents as rare as a race in crowd in downtown Phoenix, but it didn't upset the little Frenchman unduly. What Senna said was probably the absolute truth, in between pitting without an electronic problem, he was simply flying and had done such a good job of bringing his tyres in that he radioed to his crew not to change them when he made his first pit call.

But Prost too had a point. He'd dropped eight seconds behind Ayrton at one stage after sitting right on his gearbox, then had the gap halved and coming down further when the Brazilian began to hit trouble. Either way it didn't really matter to Dennis. One of his cars contained his team's incredible domination and that was what counted.

It's been said before, and it bears saying again, that it isn't McLaren that should be criticised for anti-racing. It's opposition, but that very opposition itself for being so damn ineffectual. As somebody remarked during the weekend of the

one race McLaren might have been expected to lose, it's as if everybody else is actually working for Ron. Now that's great for Woking. Trouble is, it isn't much good for motor racing in general and F1 in North America in particular.

Race promoter Jack Long had some interesting pre-event predictions, not the least of which was a crowd figure of 150,000. It's a moot point which was the less accurate, the local pronunciation of the winner's name as Alon Prost, or Long's calculation of the post-race official figure was 4,000 for race day, under 100,000 for the weekend, including free entry on Friday.

The problem was mainly McLaren's domination doesn't help, but isn't in itself the main reason. Promotion of the race was poor. Go a couple of miles uptown and nobody really knew what you were talking about when you mentioned the Grand Prix. America is a special place at the best of times, but more so in these parts.

Then there was the track itself. The last really good street race in the States was Long Beach, where





Left: Spark recovered. Herbert was back in business (Aisport/Pasca/Rondeau)

Right: Sunday in the USA: nice and quiet, not too many cars, with Brundie ahead of eventual second-place man Patrese (Keith Sutton)

rio Cantu. "I just hope he didn't see me, but if he didn't I'm worried about his peripheral vision," said Caffi.

Sandro Nannini might also have been a potential victor for Benetton but his race chances had really evaporated even before the start after a morning warm-up shunt into the Turn 13 wall. When his neck muscles proved unable to stand the strain of the opening laps, he fell quickly from third and retired shortly afterwards on safety grounds. It was a shame, if there is one thing Benetton needs right now a decent crankshaft for Ford's new V8 apart from a strong result. Johnny Herbert won two points for the team after a gutsy drive from the back of the grid but this was survival stuff, not front-running pace.

Likewise, Levton House Racing is also in the mire right now having taken off its 1988 earnings with the introduction of the new engine. It's under tested and under developed and it shows. On lap 12, Patrese's belt-drive transmission failed while

Gugelmin lost a brake bleed nipple and was black flagged after adding fluid as the system was bled.

Tyrrell and Onyx were also out of luck. Michele Alboreto looked as comfortable in eighth place, well ahead of Patrese as he had in Mexico the previous week. Then his transmission quit on lap 18. Team mate Palmer had qualified way back after a fraught practice but ripped through the field to fourth with six laps to run when his car displayed all the symptoms of running out of fuel. In a 177-mile race that was unlikely. More likely, the pump just wouldn't pick up the final gallons. Whatever, JP was robbed of the chance of equalling his best ever finish.

Stefan Johansson again prequalified then qualified well in the improving MasterCard Onyx, and only a puncture dropped him away from the tail of the Capelli, Patrese, Cheever dice. Later the left lower front wishbone pulled out of the tub, probably as a result of running on the flat tyre as he headed for the pits.

That Phoenix was a race of attrition was obvious from the start. Danner's occupation of fourth place when the race was flagged after the legal maximum of four hours when Patrese had no tag of the schedule scraps that a slight on the German was a summary of the car. Dr. Gruen's Schmidt's operation isn't the most organised nor fully financed, as the ARC 02 sounded dreadfully like a split exhaust. Nevertheless, it was something neither Lotus manager nor Tyrrell could have done.

In its 400th GP, the British team was as beleaguered as ever. This time the bored Nelson Piquet actually managed to outqualify his journeyman team-mate, but Nannini was right on his tail when his throttle mechanism broke on lap 25. Thereafter, Piquet soldiered on and was preparing to challenge Herbert and Danner after stopping to have a plastic bag removed from a sidepod as his engine temperature had begun to rise alarmingly. At the same time he switched to a fresh set of Goodyear's soft C race tyres and was looking good for the points the team so desperately needs if it is to avoid having to prequalify early next year. He should have managed at least fourth, and three lovely points, but instead stuck the Lotus 101 in the wall exiting Turn 13. He may be bored driving what he deems an uncompetitive car, but one begins to wonder now if he really can do it any more.

Besides Patrese and Cheever Tarquini and a puncture delayed Boursen provided interest with a scrap to the line for sixth, which went the Belgian's way as the Italian was powerless to defend himself thanks to a misfire he'd had since lap two.

It wasn't an awful race, but it was one of those that really brought you up short, made you think. Maybe it was because Indy was so much in everyone's thoughts. Indy and Junior, and his charismatic charge to head Flitipaldi. The grass is always greener, but more than one reporter was heard to express the wish to be covering the CART series rather than F1, with its easy-to-predict outcomes. Phoenix was a timely reminder of just how one-sided F1 has become, and how hard it can be made to look. It may have no peer in Europe and most of the parts, but on a Mickey Mouse circuit in the land of CART and NASCAR, it didn't bear close atten-

1989 FORMULA ONE  
ROUND 17

Phoenix, Arizona

4th June 1989

Circuit Length: 2.361 miles/3.799 km

Laps 75

PHOENIX  
All-America City

### Drivers' World Championship

Pos.	Driver	Points
1	Alan Prost	25
2	Ayrton Senna	22
3	Riccardo Patrese	12
4	Nigel Mansell	10
5	Alessandro Nannini	8
6	Michele Alboreto	6
7	Johnny Herbert	4
8	Thierry Boutsen	3
9	Eddie Cheever	2
10	Mauricio Gugelmin	1
11	Stefano Modena	1
12	Derek Warwick	1
13	Alex Caffi	0
14	Christian Danner	0
15	Martin Brundle	0
16	Jonathan Palmer	0
17	Gabriele Tarquini	0

### Constructors' World Championship

Pos.	Team	Points
1	McLaren	25
2	Williams	22
3	Benetton	12
4	Ferrari	10
5	Airways	8
6	Tyrrell	6
7	Brabham	4
8	Levyton House	3
9	Pastorini	2
10	Onyx	1
11	A.S.	1

### Official Starting Grid

Pos.	Driver	Points
1	Alan Prost	25
2	Ayrton Senna	22
3	Riccardo Patrese	12
4	Nigel Mansell	10
5	Alessandro Nannini	8
6	Michele Alboreto	6
7	Johnny Herbert	4
8	Thierry Boutsen	3
9	Eddie Cheever	2
10	Mauricio Gugelmin	1
11	Stefano Modena	1
12	Derek Warwick	1
13	Alex Caffi	0
14	Christian Danner	0
15	Martin Brundle	0
16	Jonathan Palmer	0
17	Gabriele Tarquini	0

### Race Classification

Pos.	Driver	Points
1	Alan Prost	10
2	Ayrton Senna	6
3	Riccardo Patrese	4
4	Nigel Mansell	3
5	Alessandro Nannini	2
6	Michele Alboreto	1
7	Johnny Herbert	1
8	Thierry Boutsen	0
9	Eddie Cheever	0
10	Mauricio Gugelmin	0
11	Stefano Modena	0
12	Derek Warwick	0
13	Alex Caffi	0
14	Christian Danner	0
15	Martin Brundle	0
16	Jonathan Palmer	0
17	Gabriele Tarquini	0

Fastest Lap: Ayrton Senna

### Non Qualifiers

N	Name	Car
18	O. Grouillard	Ligier-DFR
19	R. Moreno	Ligier-DFR
20	R. Arnoux	Ligier-DFR
21	Y. Dalmas	Lola-Lamborghini

### Non-Pre Qualifiers

N	Name	Car
22	N. Larini	Osella-DFR
23	J. Winkelhock	Colon-DFR
24	V. Weidner	EuroBrun-Judd
25	B. Schneider	Osella-DFR
26	A. Suzuki	AGS-DFR
27	B. Gachot	AGS-DFR
28		Zakspeed-Yamaha
29		Zakspeed-Yamaha
30		Onyx-DFR



# RUNNING FOR HOME

The British Grand Prix has visited only three circuits: Silverstone, which hosted the first ever World Championship Grand Prix in 1950, has staged the race 22 times, Brands Hatch 12 times and Aintree on 5 occasions, the last in 1962. The thirty-nine World Championship British Grands Prix have been shared among 12 winning teams: Ferrari, 9 times; Lotus and McLaren, 8 each; and Williams on 4 occasions. Cooper and Tyrrell have 2 wins, while the singleton successes have gone to Alfa Romeo, Vanwall, Mercedes, Brabham, Matra and Renault.

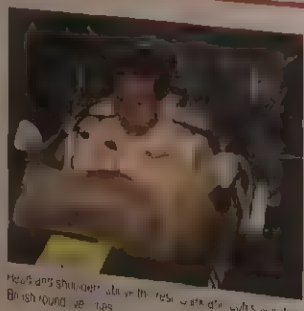


On the way to the 1990 British Grand Prix, the Lotus of Nigel Mansell won the World Championship GP at Silverstone. (90) © SuperSport

No fewer than six drivers have won World Championship British Grands Prix in cars of more than one make, but none has ever driven three different cars to victory. The six are Moss (Mercedes/Vanwall), Brabham (Cooper/Brabham), Stewart (Matra/Tyrrell), Fittipaldi (Lotus/McLaren), Lauda (Ferrari/McLaren) and Prost (Renault/McLaren).



The empire strikes back: Brabham winning the 1986 British Grand Prix in his own car.



Head and shoulders above the rest: Mansell won the 1990 British Grand Prix.

One recent World Champion yet to win in Britain is Nelson Piquet, despite nine attempts. Of current drivers who have won a Grand Prix, those yet to win in Britain are Riccardo Patrese, Rene Arnoux, Michele Alboreto and Gerhard Berger. Among previous World Champions, seven failed to win the British Grand Prix: Mike Hawthorn, Phil Hill, Graham Hill, John Surtees, Dennis Hulme, Mario Andretti and Keke Rosberg. Statistics point to a McLaren victory in 1990. They have won eight times

in the last sixteen British Grands Prix, while in that time Ferrari have triumphed in their last success in Britain eleven years ago through Alain Prost. Reuemann, Williams have scored 11 British victories in the last ten years, but we have to go back to 1966 and all that for the last Brabham win on home soil. No Tyrrell driver has emerged triumphant here since Jack Sheckter in 1974.



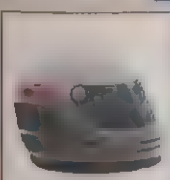
Elementary: Nettle's wondrous win in 81.

Among this year's teams McLaren have provided cars for seven British Grand Prix winners: Peter Revson, Emerson Fittipaldi, James Hunt, John Watson, Alain Prost, Ayrton Senna and Niki Lauda (twice). The nine Ferrari wins have been shared by seven drivers.

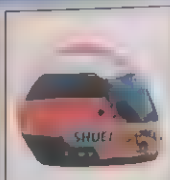
Only one driver has won the British Grand Prix in a car bearing his name: Jack Brabham in 1966.



## CHAUVINIST'S GUIDE TO THE BRITISH RUNNERS



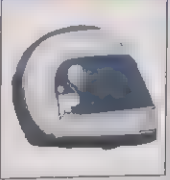
**MARTIN BRUNDLE**  
Three British Grands Prix: 1988, 1990, 1991. Lotus, 1988; Williams, 1990-91. Won the 1990 British Grand Prix in his own car. Went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix, but many forget that out for his first Grand Prix would be remembered for the same reason.



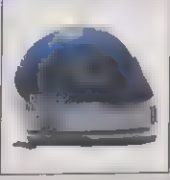
**JOHNNY HERBERT**  
First British Grand Prix, but no more wins. Money went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix, but many forget that out for his first Grand Prix would be remembered for the same reason.



**NIGEL MANSSELL**  
Seven British Grands Prix: 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993. Lotus, 1987-88; Williams, 1989-93. Won the 1987 British Grand Prix in his own car. Went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix, but many forget that out for his first Grand Prix would be remembered for the same reason.



**JONATHAN PALMER**  
First British Grand Prix, but no more wins. Money went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix, but many forget that out for his first Grand Prix would be remembered for the same reason.



**DEREK WARWICK**  
First British Grand Prix, but no more wins. Money went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix, but many forget that out for his first Grand Prix would be remembered for the same reason.





## "HOW LO

sitting at home trying to catch up on moves in Formula 1 by the sheer pace of development. The fact that most teams have paddock roamers who look at what the opposition is doing and catch it in a matter of days is simply a mark of how serious and frantic Grand Prix racing is today. Thirty years ago a lot of important developments came along yet it took months for the penny to drop. Having a crisis in Grand Prix racing is not new and we didn't need a Jean Marie Balestre to induce one in those days for the cult of the personality had not reached the heights it has today. In 1957 the crisis was that the 2½ litre formula had reached the end of its span but the FIA decided to extend it with some important changes. From 1958 the cars would all have to run on the same fuel, 130 octane Avgas, rather than the brews which the various manufacturers had developed for their highly tuned engines. Ferrari for instance ran on a mix which contained 30% petrol, 30% Benzole and 40% Methanol and Maserati went further by adding Nitro-Methane to run their 250 Formula One's. The fuel change was not the only problem, from 1958 Grand Prix races would be shorter so you didn't need to carry so much fuel. Early in 1957 when these changes were announced John Cooper twigged that with these new rulings a Formula Two car might be competitive and he entered a Cooper fitted with a 2 litre Coventry Climax engine in the Monaco Grand Prix that year and would have finished third but for a faulty oil pump. What was unique about this incident was that John Cooper's car had its engine in the back. Ever since the Auto Unions of twenty years before there had been misgivings about rear engined cars as it was felt that it needed extraordinary skill to drive a car with all the weight bias to the rear. Again we see an example of stagnation of thought and experimentation for it was quickly to be demonstrated conclusively that it was the design of the suspension which played the greatest part in making a rear engined car handle and

## EVOLUTION

FOR A PENNY TO DROP?"




less the actual position of the engine. Looking back from this perspective it is remarkable that throughout the entire 1957-1958 and 1959 seasons — save for the introduction of a Porsche Formula Two car — Cooper were the only ones to persevere and even with a rear engined design, may be the penny still failed to drop. Even Lotus, who came into Grand Prix racing at that time ran the 1958 and 1959 seasons with two different front engine designs, but Chapman saw the light and by Christmas 1959 had designed the Lotus 18 which was to start the true rear engined revolution. To be fair, BRM were also in the frame with a rear engined car run in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza in 1959. Ferrari were to be next at Monaco in 1960 a whole three years after Brabham had run his first Cooper! With Ferrari such stubbornness was understandable for Enzo Ferrari was a difficult man to convince. For instance in 1958 he refused to consider using disc brakes on his Grand Prix cars feeling that the large finned drums on his Dinos were more than adequate for the job. Then typically he snatched a set of Dunlop disc brakes from the road Ferrari that Peter Collins had modified on a visit to England that year just prior to his death at the Nurburgring. Ferrari put them on one of his Grand Prix cars at Monza and he was finally convinced. Remember what we are talking about here are radical changes, rear engines and disc brakes not as the minor modification of a duct here or a wing there. But then was it really surprising? There were no computers or computer bolins in these days, aerodynamics were very much a suck it and see phenomenon. With the best will in the world the real technical maturity of the Grand Prix car had hardly begun thirty years ago. Today it seems never ending.



# MARTIN BRUNDLE

## A POINT WELL MADE

STUART COOK



Less than a year after he turned his back on Zakspeed, for whom he had managed just two points in the entire 1987 season, Martin Brundle was acclaimed as the new Sportscar Drivers' World Champion. Success after success with Jaguar, despite an exhausting schedule of worldwide travel, had fulfilled the Norfolk man's ambition to prove that he could do the business in a competitive car — something he had never enjoyed in Formula One. At Monaco and at home shortly afterwards, Martin spoke twice at length to PEI. Both occasions found him drained — for different reasons Thursday at Monaco, as we shall see, was a stressful experience for a driver laid low by a bug and having to endure pre-qualifying; then the calm of a Norfolk weekend had been shattered by Charlie, which is Martin's idiosyncratic way of referring to his one-year-old daughter. Tiredness did nothing, however, to dispel the impression of calm self-belief which, now more than ever, is the Brundle trademark. Simple questions suggested themselves, starting with this: after all the success in sportscars, why return to Formula One — and why, particularly, by the route he chose? "Why leave in the first place is the

obvious question to ask, since I'd spent the better part of my adult life trying to infiltrate the world of Grand Prix racing. But I always intended to be back, and back within a year: two years away and I'd have been history. Jaguar knew that when I went to them, and though I was thrilled with what I achieved there it didn't deflect me from my goal. But I was equally determined not to come back unless it was with a good team. And I confess that, for a while there, the chances were beginning to look a little thin on the ground, and in fact it looked all up when the Williams opportunity finally vanished despite what I thought was a pretty reasonable performance as stand-in for Nigel Mansell at Spa."

To compound his difficulties, Martin chose to return to Formula One after his own year's sabbatical with a team which had also been missing from the grids for a full season: Brabham. One of the great names in Grand Prix mythology, of course; but the hardest task of all is to reconquer the high ground. So why Brabham?

"Again, the response has to be hedged around with even more questions. Why put myself through the stresses and strains of pre-qualifying, as Brabham have to endure them in the

first half of this season? Why chance my arm with Pirati, also coming back into the sport after a significant absence? On the face of it it looks like another monster gamble — and although I like a challenge there are limits. But the serious reply is that there was simply so much that said 'Yes' when I weighed up Brabham's situation. Look at their history: the form they have shown consistently over the years: the great names that have sat in Brabham cars. But look, first and last, at the people there and the facilities they work in. I couldn't believe it when I went to Chessington for the first time. Seeing things like their own in-house wind tunnel and everything else, my mouth just dropped open."

"You know, I used to spend virtually every week of the winter months chasing the Brabham people — Bernie Ecclestone, Herbie Blash, Gordon Murray — and asking them to let me have a crack at a Brabham drive! Now Gordon is no longer there — of course — but Brabham took on Sergio Rin and whose record as a designer speaks for itself, and I have been mightily impressed by him: a man who really understands his car and really knows just where he wants to go. He is surrounded by a team of



guys who also know exactly what they are doing why and how to make it even better, and for me this is one of the major strengths of the Brabham set-up.

Of course there is also the large shadow cast by a small but powerful man, Bernie Ecclestone. But as far as my relations with him are concerned, there's little change from how things have been ever since I came into Formula One, we've always chatted over the years, and as his involvement with Brabham is much more limited these days, we still chat when I see him. But of course it is nice to be able to seek his advice directly on matters of Brabham whenever I feel the need. "The other man whose presence in the team made me feel secure in my decision to come here is David Stubbs, who joined from Williams last year. I had worked with him in that one-off weekend for the Williams team of course, and I was keen that David should join us as soon as I heard it rumoured he was leaving Frank's team. My short experience of working with him had shown me he was the

type of person every serious Grand Prix team needs: not just a 'team manager' but the one who organises and controls every aspect of people's activities and the materials they work with — human or otherwise — at the heart of a very hectic industry. Anyone who knows me and my lifestyle will have noticed I like things to look smart, neat and tidy, and anyone who knows Brabham will appreciate that everything about this team looks right — it has flair and style, and the car is probably the most handsome on this year's grid. That is a really nice starting point for the application of your own contribution to the team effort, I must admit. No illusions, of course you have to work hard to achieve the results, but the feel of the team is a perfect launching-pad for what the humble driver hopes to do.

"I confess I was a bit apprehensive before coming here, though. Think of the names that have been associated with Brabham most recently, I suppose, that of Nelson Piquet. Now here was I, M. Brundle, about to turn up on

Brabham's doorstep, and I wonder, if I was going to be looked on as a sort of usurper of Nelson's former throne. Not a bit of it: as soon as they sense you are prepared to go out and nail the car, hang the thing on the limit, they are right there with you and of course Monaco (the most recent race at the time of talking). Having the in-car camera there was great, funnily enough: it let people see exactly what I was doing with the car, how good the whole package looks, and that weekend — despite the frustration of finishing sixth when I could at least have been on the rostrum — was a very good one for me and the team."

Not that the onlookers would have suspected such an outcome on the Thursday of that Monaco meeting, mind you. Mr Brundle got through pre-qualifying in fourth place only, leaving even that till pretty late in the session, and setting a few English pulses racing for the wrong reasons. "Yes, it was a little close for comfort, wasn't it? But it was a combination

of circumstances: I was feeling lousy myself because of a cold, my race car broke down and I had to switch to the T-car, and when I did I simply couldn't get a clear lap in. But basically, I just didn't get my act together. In fact I nearly collapsed when I got out of the car at the end of the session; the cold had affected my chest and I just couldn't breathe, as if it were not hard enough at Monaco in those narrow confines with the balaclava and the crash hat and everything else to contend with. So it was very lucky for me that I had been groggy at Monaco — the one race in the entire season where we get Friday off! And I needed it badly... By Saturday and the crunch I was feeling so much better that from being fourth in pre-qualifying we went to being fourth on the actual grid, which is an ironic coincidence — and one that gave us all a great pick-me up.

"And then I could have been even higher than fourth in the race itself, but for the well-documented flatness of the battery and the fact that I had to get out of the car to have it fixed. Then I just went for it. I made my decisions, and other people just had to make theirs and get out of the way. That car was flying, and so was M. Brundle. If you like, it was the kind of performance that will have made people stop and think twice about me. I think the Frank Williamses and Ron Dennis of this world had maybe begun to look on me as a good, steady driver, but one without that vital spark. But Monaco, in a competitive car and a cause to fight for: that brought out the Rosberg side of me, one that I know has always been there, but one I've so rarely had the opportunity to express in Formula One. All right, with the Judd V8 nobody can sensibly expect us to lead from the front, but what



40  
"800 530  
Bella '800 530  
Cris



they can and should expect, given the quality of our car, is that we show both commitment and ability in a way you can't achieve in a midfield or tail-end car."

Talking of V8s, Martin has been through a full cycle of his own in Formula One engine terms. He started with Cosworths in the Tyrrells, graduated to Renault turbos which never somehow matched the quality of the units Renault were putting in the Lotus in Senna's days there, and has now come back to a normally-aspirated Grand Prix formula. Any major differences?

"Quite honestly, I don't look at the cars I drive in those terms. I've never had a problem driving anything, whether it was sports cars with seven litre engines, turbo-charged Grand Prix cars, or whatever I've never subscribed to the philosophy behind those 'I'm finding it hard to adapt' quotes that seem to spring so regularly from drivers' lips.

Whatever you are asked to drive the principles are always the same: you adapt to what you've got. The clearest proof of this point is in the driving of a Grand Prix: the car you are faced with at the end of a race, when the fuel is gone, the tyres are knackered — and with them, the driver in all probability! — is a very different animal from the one you are dealing with in the initial stages, with fresh rubber, full tanks and so on: you adapt your driving technique accordingly.

"Mind you, I will say this: the level of competition in Formula One is now far higher than at any time since I have been in the sport. You just can't rubbish anybody out there nowadays, not even among the teams who are obliged to pre-qualify — I mean,

there are some very classy-looking cars even amongst that lot. Pre-qualifying? Now that is pressure, the buzz word of Formula One. I have a sneaky feeling that there are some people in cruise mode at the moment, quietly allowing themselves to sort out engine problems or whatever, who may find themselves pitchforked into pre-qualifying when we have our midseason

review — and suddenly they will find real pressure."

One of the unwritten rules of motor racing, especially in a Formula One team, is that the first and possibly greatest pressure is the need to beat your own teammate. Brabham are fortunate in having, alongside Brundle, one of the rising stars of Grand Prix racing in Stefano Modena, who profited in a sense from Martin's Monaco misfortunes to go on and claim his own first rostrum finish. How do these two young lions look at each other?

"First of all I should just say that in my view the new generation of Grand Prix drivers is here — or if not quite here, just about to take over. I've been so impressed this year by the likes of Larini, Gabriele Tarquini — he always looked to be going backwards from good grid positions in Formula 3000, yet here he is extracting the maximum from the AGS — and of course Caffi, whose talent was already obvious. Note

My quickies: team mate's name Brundle, Stefano Modena

(Marko De Vries)





that I've named nothing but Italians there and it may be no coincidence that Stefano is also from a country that seems intent on taking over at the top.

"Without any public relations gloss I can honestly say our relationship is a good and sensible one. There is enough competition in Formula One without a team's two drivers fighting each other head to head. And anyway, those two heads are better than one when it comes to sorting out a racing car, especially in the compressed timescale of pre-qualifying you have a terrible time getting over that first hurdle early in the morning, then at ten you go straight into first practice — you have no time for the wasteful aspects of slugging it out with each other. In any case, Stefano and I drive similarly, we set similar lap times, and apart from the finest details our cars are virtually set up the same way. We tell each other things we feel will be helpful in getting that set-up right. Sure, on race day I want to beat him — he's just one of the other twenty-five I've got to beat — but up to that stage I'd much rather we work together. At the end of the day, after all, you've got to enjoy this, haven't you? There's so much hassle coming at you from every other direction in Formula One, so make life with your teammate bearable.

"All that having been said, Stefano Modena is the quickest teammate I've had with me since my days with Stefan Bellof at Tyrrell — and maybe even quicker, which is really paying him some compliment. And the superstitious side of his temperament doesn't bother me in the slightest. In Rio, for example, he asked if I'd mind having my car on the other side of the garage, and I had no problem with that. If it makes him happy, then I'm happy, it doesn't affect me, it doesn't hinder the working of the team. I don't mind what sort of quirks he has, as long as he doesn't keep throwing the car into the wall or do political things behind the scene which might upset people. Stefano does neither, and he's quick enough to keep M. Brundle very honest. "Off track, Martin is working harder than ever on his fitness. "Two miles through sand pits, then into the gym for a 90-minute session, including one hour of genuine hard work. I make a point of putting in time equivalent to the length of a Grand Prix. Once a week in summer, maybe three times a week during the winter break, supersonic fit!"

There are, too, some enjoyable new additions to the Brundle surroundings. In ascending order of merit, probably,

they begin with his helicopter, which seems almost an obligatory item in the modern Grand Prix driver's kit bag.

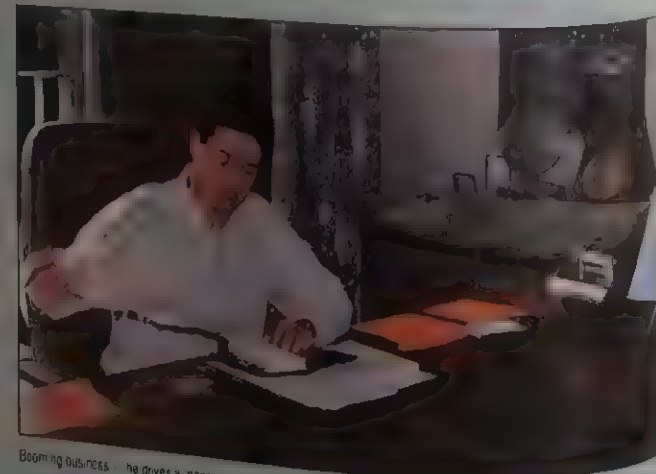
"Yes, I've just got my licence, and the Jet Ranger to go with it was due for collection just before I set off for Mexico. I really have enjoyed learning to fly, but there's equal satisfaction in the fact that our businesses are going so well, with a third garage being built. But the greatest pleasure of all comes from our daughter Charlotte. I hardly saw her last year, because of my hectic schedule. She was one the other day and I was away testing at Ricard, but in the time I do have with her she is giving us so much fun — and

normally she sleeps would be fair to say three Brabham race been so committed racing; but there is also a year, or thereabouts, I suddenly noticed. I seemed to be making all the right decisions. Call it experience, wisdom whatever; but the idea that you're getting it right is a very comforting one. I'm also much more comfortable in my racing, and I'm comfy here in Norfolk; I see no point in earning money just to go and move away to somewhere you don't really want to go. Isn't that getting things the wrong way round?" □



"Scoring a brace" and is a happy reminder of a gamble that paid off

John Taylor



Booming business — he drives a new desk too

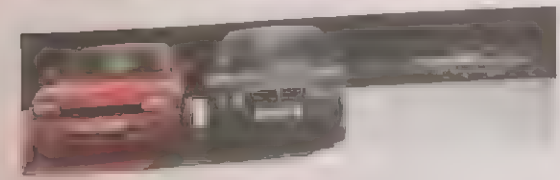
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# FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE

## JOHNNY HERBERT

BY DAVID TREMAYNE

**D**on't expect too much, too soon, of Johnny Herbert. He needs time to mature in Formula One. He may not even be ready to mount his championship challenge until 1992 or 1993. The speaker is Jackie Stewart, who knows a thing or three about winning World Championships. Had his words come before Johnny Herbert's Formula One debut in Rio they would have met with unanimous agreement. Instead, they came only recently, after Monaco. By then, of course, the former British Formula Three champion had put in that devastating drive to fourth in his first ever Grand Prix. Points first time out is a feat only Alain Prost and Martin Brundle had achieved in the last decade.

In the light of that performance Stewart's words might strike some as those of a killjoy, but Jackie too has been down the same road, and they are perceptive. In some ways, the Rio result was the worst thing that could have happened to Herbert. Prior to the event there was great scepticism in many quarters over his selection as Sandro Nannini's partner in the Benetton team. Some of it seemed well founded. The previous August he had been flat on his back on a bed in St. Mary's Hospital in

Kent, with surgeons discussing whether they should amputate a left foot shattered in that massive Formula 3000 shunt at Brands Hatch triggered when he and Gregor Böttke collided. In the immediate aftermath of Brands, Herbert's career hung in the balance. Doctors always tend to panic and talk of amputation, don't they? he asks with all the ingenuousness of a child. They were persuaded not to in his case, but the process of re-building his foot was long and painful. His right foot was in fragments, in the left he had literally pulled the talus in two. Anatomists will tell you that's the worst bone you can break in a foot.

His life became a regime of television watching, 'mainly the soaps or kids' programmes', but his recovery was aided immensely when Peter Collins confirmed that, despite his horrific injuries, he would be signed as Nannini's partner for 1989. 'That was a turning point, I'll admit. It came just as I was beginning to wonder just what the future held.' Hand in hand with the Benetton announcement came treatment at Toni Mathis' clinic in Feldkirch, Austria, and the race to recover began. British doctors estimated it would be at least December before

he could begin therapy, six months before he could walk properly, let alone drive a car of any description. Their expressions registered horror as he talked of racing again.

In October he and Mathis began work. Thus started a gruelling daily routine of acupuncture, gym workouts, swimming and cycling on a static bike. There were plenty of tears as the Austrian guru pushed him into and beyond the pain barrier.

By December the work was paying off. He had driven a kart and a road car, hobbling along on crutches to get to them but loving every moment at the wheel. He spent hours in a spare Benetton B188 tub practising gear changes and using the pedals. Initially both feet were just solid extensions of his legs, with virtually no movement in the ankle joints. But bit by bit he got more movement into the right. 'That wasn't too bad, because the bones knitted together quite quickly. It was painful, but gradually as the movement came back the pain subsided.'

The worst part, he admits, is when he had to go through the same thing all over again with the left, just as he'd got used to life without pain. On December 14 Benetton took him to Enstone airfield and let him play





42

One well known team manager was adamant he shouldn't be allowed to race in his condition, and by supreme irony Herbert was to race wheel-to-wheel with one of his drivers in the race.

Those who knew Herbert well were not sceptical, however. On the surface he has always been the happy go

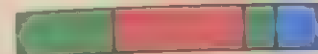
In Imola testing the B188 was struggling and came the rain of Friday morning, free practice he dumped his B188 against the wall when experimentally curving, less downforce than Sandro it presaged a poor weekend. He qualified 11th, spun down then spun out of eighth place when he momentarily lost concentration at Turn 10. He finished ninth but showed

twists in despair. He knows the reasons why, admits he screwed up in Imola, and has filed away the lessons. He, better than anyone, appreciates he still has much to learn about Formula One.

Like everyone else in the team, too, he is disappointed that the new B189 has been kept in abeyance because of the crankshaft problems with its new Cosworth engine, but understands the problems behind any development project.

He is currently enjoying life enormously, having set up a new home in Windlesham, and is highly amused that the *Sun* newspaper recently voted him one of Britain's most eligible bachelors. Fiancee Becky isn't too sure about that one, though.

'People talk about going Formula One as if it's something amazing, something that will burn you up. But I find it's the same sort of ambience I experienced in Formula Three. I can enjoy it all without feeling that I'm under pressure.' The driving day at Oulton provided an interesting insight into his ability and self confidence behind the wheel. The idea was that he, along with Stewart and Jonathan Palmer, would help journalists polish their style in Ford Sierra 4x4s. When he wanted to be, he could be as smooth as silk. As he let his hair down at the end of the day, though, he would flick the car completely sideways in Druids then fool about as if panic prevented him knowing what to do next. Then he'd gather it all up in one fluid movement and still emerge on exactly the right line, laughing heartily. It reminded me of a tightrope walker I'd once watched clowning around on the high wire, and how his colleagues had stressed







MAURICIO  
GUGELMIN

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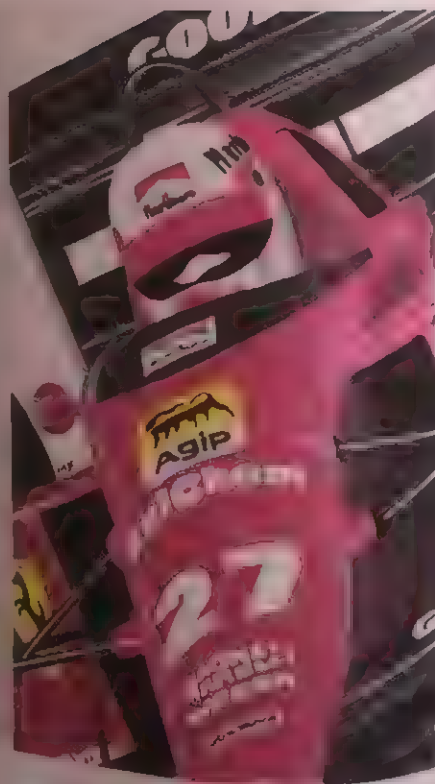
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# Learning Curve MAURICIO GUGELMIN

BY DAN KNUTSON



It's sometimes hard to remember that Mauricio Gugelmin is only in his second year of Formula One competition. The Brazilian has shown such skills and maturity in his Leyton House March Judd that it's easy to classify him with veterans who are well into their Formula One careers. Perhaps one reason that we tend not to think of Gugelmin as one of the "newboys" is that he himself doesn't put himself in that category. When talking with Gugelmin, you soon realise that this 26-year-old Brazilian has clear cut goals in his Grand Prix

career. "I don't feel that I'm a new boy," Gugelmin said at Monaco. "I'm young and I'm learning everyday. In Formula One you have goals. Last year it was first to finish a race, then to get into the points, then to go to the rostrum. You just go on and on for the time being I'm moving along as I planned, and for sure once I get a couple of wins I will want the championship. And once I get that maybe I will want two. It just goes on forever. I think the time to stop is when you don't learn anything else, and you have done it all and you are

tired of it. I must say I have a long way to go. A long way to go indeed: his Formula One career is just starting. Last year Gugelmin scored two finishes in the top six — a fourth in Britain and a fifth in Hungary. He started off 1989 with his first climb onto the podium with a third place finish in Brazil. (Before we go any further, a quick lesson in pronunciation. Gugelmin is a third generation Italian. When his family arrived in Brazil the immigration officials misspelled the name "Guglielmi" and so they became



Gugelmin. His name is pronounced Marick-se (two g's, men - known to friends as Morris). It's fitting that his first finish in the points came in the British Grand Prix and that his first top three finish came in Brazil. Fitting because the native Brazilian calls England his second home. The British people have adopted Gugelmin as one of their own. Does he feel at home in England? Yes, he says. "I have been living in Britain since '82. It's a place that's a second home for me because I did all the Formulas there and I think I am quite well known."

What about the weather in that place where it always rains? "As one mechanic, who must be an Australian, calls it! That's difficult." Gugelmin agrees - it's not the perfect place. But it is the perfect place for us to get into Formula One and be successful. It's the best route that you can get. For Gugelmin that route started when he was six years old.

Gugelmin takes up the story of his early days. "My father was a really interested in cars," he remembers, "but antique cars. We had a collection of cars, so I had petrol in my blood. When I was six I took over a small go kart my brother had outgrown. I started driving as a hobby."

"Initially, just on weekends, I used to go to this place in my town where they had a go kart track. I would drive around and around. Then I started racing when I was eight and spent almost eleven years in karts before I moved to Formula Fiat in Brazil."

"In 1980 I was Brazilian go kart champion. In 1981 because I was not 18 years old, I could not take my driving licence in Brazil. I decided not to come to England in '81 because the championship for Formula Ford 1600 would start before I could get my road licence. So I did Formula Fiat in Brazil and I won the championship in my first year."

"In 1982 I decided to come to England. My father supported me. I sold everything I had - my race car, my car, my motorbike. England was the only consideration because the other Brazilians had come that route first and I knew if I was good enough it was the way I could get into Formula One."

I did a contract with Van Diemen, which was the works Formula Ford 1600 team. In 28 races I won 13 and came second eight times. So it was a very successful year.

"Then in '83 I did Formula Ford 2000 again with Van Diemen. I was second in the championship. In '84 I



young Brazilian and played a role in getting Gugelmin a test ride with March at Silverstone in 1987.

The test went really well. Gugelmin says. Then that year, about August, March said that they would like to have me in the car in 1988, but they were looking for financing. In Monza Mr. Akagi underwrote the sponsorship that was needed because he wanted me in the car.

So it was that Gugelmin became the most recent in a long line of Brazilians to join the Grand Prix ranks. What is it about Brazil that spawns a steady stream of Formula One drivers?

"Basically," he says, "it's because go karting has been and is still a very strong thing in Brazil, and because everything in Brazil is different. When you want to race go karts, you have to find the money yourself, go racing

and rebuild the go kart. You learn from your mistakes. You don't have money that stage they come to learn a lot. And then you come over to England and you learn it for you, but nevertheless understand about it because of period of doing it yourself."

The Brazilian story is like that. Down Under in the 1980s, drivers like Jack Brabham and Bruce McLaren learned their craft because either they did it on their own or they were helped by someone.

While still racing in Brazil Gugelmin met Ayrton Senna, and the two have remained friends ever since. "I met him in '78 in the Brazilian go kart championship," Gugelmin says. "In '82 we actually used to share a house in England."

Has his relationship with Senna changed since Gugelmin became a Formula One driver? "We are both more busy and we are on different teams," he says. "So we don't talk as much, and certainly we don't talk about cars too much because he has his own secrets and I have mine. He's still on a different level - his team is very good and he has done it while I am on my way up. So we don't discuss much about Formula One these days. How about socially, do they spend time with each other? Yes," Gugelmin says, "when we have the time, but the time is short."

What about Nelson Piquet? "Piquet came a little bit earlier," Gugelmin says. "I know him, but I never had long contact with him because he basically lives out of Brazil. He's a nice guy, I have nothing against him."

After the Brazilian driver had made the model to Gugelmin, the paddock was the guy who attracted the attention," he says, "because the Brazilian driver who was successful around the track looking to start racing. I know him well. He was the guy who pushed me into it."

While speaking of relations with other drivers, I asked Gugelmin about his March teammate Ivan Capelle. "I'm quite lucky to have a teammate like Ivan who is a laid back character," he says. "I mean he just wants to sit in the car and drive. But I think he goes really well with my way of work, and I just hope that once we get more competitive we keep the same atmosphere within the team. This season has already seen two horrific accidents - Philippe Streiff in Brazil and Gerhard Berger in Imola. In what areas does Gugelmin think safety can be improved? "The best area is more crash tests," he says. "If you make the car stronger, you can still have an accident and be alright. The cockpit size is a thing a lot of people are talking about, but I don't think you should over react. I mean, you have to get some dimensions but not make something that is a stupid, huge car. I would say there should be more control on the crash tests, and actually have (each generation of a) car crash-tested. These days they crash test one car, and then the team goes along and builds another five, and perhaps they wouldn't pass."

Does he feel that qualifying tyres create a dangerous situation? "It is and it's not," he says. "If you get traffic on that particular lap while on qualifying tyres, you risk a little bit more. But with normal tyres you could back off and go again. You do more laps and so therefore you expose yourself to more risk for longer periods. So I don't really know."

Moving away from race cars, I ask Gugelmin about road cars. What does he drive on the street? "I like Mercedes because it is the best value for the money," he says. "It's a car that's nice and you can (actually) use it. Park anywhere - there's no problem."

What about exotic cars? Does he like something sleek and fast? "No," he says. "I haven't got the time these days. I used to. Now a car is something that's there to go from A to B."

Getting from A to B for a Grand Prix driver these days involves long dreary hours on airplanes. Gugelmin says travelling is the worst part of Formula One life - and he is lucky to have the support of Stella, whom he met in



at Monaco as a showman (John Townsend)

married in 1985. "I don't have a permanent job," he says. "I sometimes and very easy sometimes. When you have time off you can be off for both of us - four days. You don't have a job 9 to 5. There are a couple of days when you have a job for 24 hours. So it's a different way of living."

Mauricio and Stella recently moved into a new seaside home in the south of Brazil near Curitiba. He has set up a business nearby with his brother. "I started that in '84 and it's growing," he says. "I'm doing more and more business. He basically does all my promotions, and now we are getting into some different businesses and the house in Leven House."

Morris enjoys his "second job." If he wasn't a race driver, he says, "I would be in business. I see wheeling and dealing a lot."

He is a racing driver first, of course and already a popular one. For this interview we sat at a table under the canopy of the turquoise March motor

home in the Monaco paddock. While we talked, a crowd of autograph collectors steadily grew outside the canopy. At the conclusion of the interview there were so many people that I was "trapped" in my chair. Instead of ducking off to hide in the motorhome as many of his fellow Grand Prix drivers do, Gugelmin stayed outside and looked after his fans.

Earlier in the interview, as we looked out on the glamorous and exotic setting of the Monaco harbour, I asked Gugelmin about glamour in Formula One. "I never thought about that," he says. "I got into Formula One to perform. For me it's racing and being successful. If you have money or glamour that's part of it, but I got into Formula One because I wanted to drive, not because of the glamour."

Racing, being successful and learning. It's the Gugelmin creed, and one that he will practise for a long time.







I had lent money to  
frustrate all depositors

A couple of months  
and repossessed  
Rolls Royce I paid  
cash

The day my wife phoned me,  
the landlord had shown up at  
home demanding his rent - and we  
had no money to pay it.

We own five homes - two are on the  
beach in California (I use one as my  
main office), a lakefront "cabin" in  
Wisconsin where we spend the  
summer fishing, swimming,  
skiing. And one is snuggled  
in the best beach of the best island in  
Hawaii. Most  
of the time I'm engaged with a thing  
or two - investments, walk away  
from them in cash. But I don't want  
to get stuck. I think of my homes as  
my security. I've got other real estate -  
apartments, duplexes, and cash in the bank - for

"I agree that if you've got \$10  
invested, you'll look over what I send you  
and decide whether to invest or not."

"You're right; want you to keep it unless  
times what you invested."

Is the material worth it? No. If you  
think of it as paper and ink. But...  
information. Mine information that I give  
when I'm paid \$1000 as a guest speaker.  
More information than I give in a one-hour  
consultation for \$300.

But you're really not risking anything.  
Because I won't cash your cheque or money  
order for 31 days after I've sent you my  
material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days  
and I'll send back your cheque or postal  
order unchanged.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you  
really want to be on the safe side, post-date  
your cheque for a month from today, plus 2  
additional weeks. That'll give you plenty of  
time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what your thinking: "He got rich  
telling people how to get rich." The truth is -  
and this is very important the very before he  
shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my  
income was \$216,446. And what I'll send you

received \$21,000 in the first 45 days  
of 1980.

"Thank you."

Mr. I G N Murewan, W VA  
"It hadn't happened to me I wouldn't have  
believed it. A few years ago I had nothing,  
no life. I was depressed. I didn't know"

"I've made enough money (at age  
41) to retire."

Rylee  
Mountain View Beach, Calif

"There's no stopping me!"  
"Since I've got your (Lazy Man's Way to  
Riches) plan, I've started 4 companies.  
There's no stopping me and I'm now lined  
this up to keep me on the go and so."

M T Portland OR  
"Wow, it does work!"  
"Oddly enough I purchased Lazy Man's  
Way to Riches some six months ago, or so,  
read it, and really did nothing about it.  
Then about three weeks ago when I was  
feeling desperate about my financial  
situation, I remembered it, re-read it,  
studied it, and this time put it to work and  
WOW, it does work. Doesn't take much  
time."

be at a severe point of desperation before we  
overcome the ultimate business

"Steadily upward ever since."  
"ordered Lazy Man's Way to Riches"  
book."

Mr. B A Wilbur CO  
\$7,000 in five days  
on Monday, a week what I learned of  
it, but that's not bad for five days."

M D Lopeka K  
What I'm saying is probably contrary  
what you've heard from your friends,  
family, your teachers, and maybe even  
else you know.

I can only ask you one question:  
many of them are millionaires."

So it's up to you.

A month from today you can be better  
more than 30 days older - or you can be  
just the same to getting rich. You  
decide.

The worst man I ever knew  
wasn't busy earning a living to make  
money."

Don't take as long as I did  
way! ah!

coupon to my publisher now. It is not as  
simple as believe" me, let try it. If I m

[illegible]

PROOF  
Don't like my word for it. These  
are exact from articles in  
newspapers and magazines.

Don't read American

**My Making Opportunities:**

Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret  
and you can give it to yourself to  
become a millionaire. I don't want  
to miss this idea.

**Privacy** The originals are  
sure that, like you, these people didn't  
believe me either when they clipped the  
coupon. Guess they figured that since I  
was a [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

This was right  
And here's what they gained:


'Thanks to your method I'm a half  
millionaire'

I had crossed about  
\$500 PER WEEK. Would you believe last year  
time I was a slave working for peanuts

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Daily \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Clearly)

Signed \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Phone Print Clearly) Ph. no. allow  
14-71 days  
now delivery



...first appearance.  
...the wrong way  
...the handle  
...punned  
...by his  
...adly", Alliot  
...few cases  
...those first  
...the Lamborghini  
...Moreover,  
...king Formula

One car to  
...and at Imola  
...by Nannini  
...right  
...ill-prepared  
...through lack  
...LOR-Land  
...the San Marino  
...we had to wait  
...race to assess  
...Lamborghini had just turned to  
...Bosch for the electronics for  
...engine; at Imola, there was a  
...mysterious cause for concern; it  
...proved impossible to fire



...note of Adot's words in Monaco

...words"

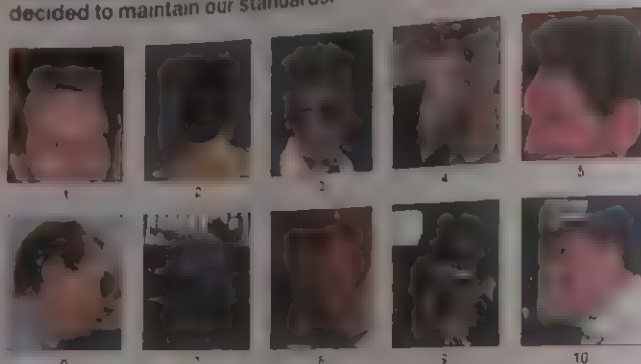


...a gleam in the eye these days



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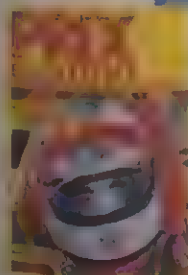
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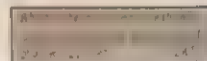
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THE Formula One magazine



# HILL'S CLIMB



The scene: the airport, London. Racing driver Jim Clark, en route for the final race of the season in South Africa, is besieged by Press and support Press — as he prepares for his flight for a race that will determine the outcome of the World Championship. Can you do it, Mr Clark? asks one of the eager journalists. What's your biggest fear? The answer is simple, says Graham Hill. "Oh, why? It comes the supplementary question. "Is it very steep?" The story is related, not to diminish Hill, but to show the way in which this double World Champion worked hard to emerge from the shadows and establish himself as a racing driver in his own right. Hill's climb from obscurity to the top of the motor racing is one of the most warming stories in the sport's history, not only did he win great feats on-track, but in a racing car he became one of the best ambassadors for a sport that was then about to blossom as a world industry. Graham Hill was born on

February 15, 1929, the son of a stockbroker. From an early age, it seems, he was quick — but in a rowing boat, not a cockpit. A fine oarsman, he stroked the London Rowing Club eight to victory in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1953 — an event as prestigious in the sporting calendar as any at that time. Throughout his career, he would wear the dark blue and white stripes of the LRC on his distinctive helmet. Water figured prominently in his life at that stage — Hill spent two years as an engine room artificer in the Royal Navy serving his country. In 1953, too, Graham Hill got to grips with four wheels. Early motor-bike scrambles had revealed no particular genius and left him with a limp as a result of an accident, but buying a Morris 8 and driving it home without a licence was the first unorthodox step towards a career at the top of the four-wheel sport. Next came a "job" as instructor/mechanic at the Brands Hatch racing school, no mean achievement for a man who had done the princely total of four laps of the circuit himself.

His move to Lotus as a mechanic in August 1954 was to prove decisive, though not immediately. By 1956 he was on £9 per week and allowed the freedom to build up for himself a Lotus XI sportscar back at base and go motor racing in it. Painted yellow, it soon attracted the nickname "Yellow Peril", but it was a slightly jaundiced Graham Hill who left Lotus and his job as a gearbox mechanic late in 1956 to join Speedwell Engineering. Soon, however, a certain Colin Chapman of Lotus fame was realising the error of his ways and inviting Graham Hill back to drive the new front-engined Formula Two car. They were revolutionary days, however, with rear-engined Coopers about to seal the fate of front-engined runners. Though he raced the front-engined "Vanwall lookalike" Lotus 16 in 1958, that and the next season were days of hard graft with little reward. So it was that in 1960 Graham Hill and BRM came together. If Hill had been finding it hard to get on to the Formula One ladder of success, British Racing Motors were scarcely in a



stronger position. Over a decade of effort had brought a solitary Grand Prix victory for Jo Bonnier at Zandvoort in 1959, and though Graham took third place on the same circuit in 1960, 1961 was another lean period as he waited for the new V8 engine to come on stream. But 1962 in many ways would be the turning point of his — and BRM's — motor racing fortunes.

Sideways is an inelegant way to cross the finishing line, but being first is sufficient incentive to justify most manoeuvres. Sideways was how Graham Hill passed an astonished Jim Clark to secure his first Formula One victory in the non-Championship Easter meeting at Goodwood in 1962. It was just the prelude to victory — again in Holland — for the first time in a World Championship Grand Prix. Pressure is the current theme of Grand Prix racing, but racing was not always the happy-go-lucky pastime we tend to remember thirty years ago either. In 1962 at last, British cars were about to take on the might of Ferrari in particular. Britain was also searching for a new star. Stirling Moss, uncrowned king of Grand Prix racing, had ended his career in a serious accident at Goodwood, and Hill faced the fearsome challenge of Clark as successor to

that throne. Last but not least, Sir Alec Gower, owner of BRM, had insisted that Graham win two Grand Prix races in 1962. The pressure of the 1962 season at Zandvoort, where Clark had the new Lotus 25 with its sporty-looking, more agile chassis. Chapman did away with standard round tubular space frame design in favour of an aircraft technology, and with Clark

at the wheel with Coventry-Climax power, Lotus was ready to take Formula One by storm.

Hill, however, was about to benefit from a change of BRM fortunes. A lighter chassis with a reliable V8, revised suspension and better spirit in the team all made for success. And so it turned out: Clark led the field away but clutch trouble on the Lotus let Hill sweep ahead with less than a



the race run. As Zandvoort was and more casualties and McLaren among them in the pressure to win by the minute. The climb was on, having established a solid base camp, Hill now to summit itself.

Victories in Germany and Monaco only answered the Owen question but left Hill and Clark out for the World Championship last race of the season at Zandvoort on December 29. Clark faded away, this time from exhaustion and all Hill's efforts to do nothing to contain the heat at three-quarter distance as smoke began to come from his A-bolt had dropped out of crankcase and with his oil leaked Clark's hopes of a first title. Unchallenged from then on, Graham Hill secured the crown, with the Constructors' World Championship for a jubilant BRM.

Hill's own reaction was to complain quietly about the fact that a cold coming on only ten of his 14 Grand Prix wins would come for the same team but Hill was destined to second fiddle to Clark for the next years, at least in Formula One. Following in Jimmy's footsteps he won a disputed Indianapolis 500 in 1966, despite protests over mistaken lap count. 1967 brought two great drivers together in Chapman's Lotus, and places for Hill; the going, it was tough again.

Graham Hill was about to illustrate in full measure the pressure that had taken him to the wire. After Clark had won the opening round of the 1968 season in South Africa, he was spectacularly killed in that race. Two races at Hockenheim and Reading for Lotus and Chapman's team. Responsibility for the team's failure was on his own shoulders, won the Grand Prix in Spain and the World Championship the second time with one of the greatest feats of will and ability in motor racing history.

In three race wins that year in Monaco — the race where he had the whip hand on his contemporary, contemporary, contemporary — in Monte Carlo; Hill did not come to earn the enduring title of "Mr Monaco". Sadly, his



fifth victory there, in 1969, was also to be his last Grand Prix triumph. At the penultimate race of the year at Watkins Glen, Hill's Lotus spun on oil, overturned and left him with a broken right knee, dislocated left knee and multiple damage to muscles and ligaments.

We have grown familiar, in recent months, with the sight of Johnny Herbert, grievously injured himself being helped in and out of the cockpit as he fought back to fitness. Twenty years ago, Graham Hill showed similar courage and determination, so much so that by the start of the following season he was fit — though being helped in and out of his cockpit — to drive a Rob Walker-entered Lotus in the opening round of the Championship. Scoring a point for sixth place was the reward for climbing another mountain — and the man was 15 years older than the courageous Herbert is today. Sadly, there would be only one more peak in the Hill career. Rob Walker disbanded his team, and an uncompetitive season with Brabham in the distinctive "lobster-claw" car produced only two points in Austria, a record scarcely improved upon the following year. From then on his career was in decline. Despite running himself in a shadow in 1973, then persuading Lola with Embassy sponsorship, to help him contest the 1974 Championship, Graham found himself thrown back on his own resources and entered the 1975 series with a modified and renamed Hill GH1.

Cruellest of ironies, it was failure to qualify at his beloved Monaco that decided Hill to give up driving and

concentrate on managing his team, to be led henceforth by his brilliant protégé Tony Brise. One point, at the Swedish Grand Prix, was scant return for a season of struggle, it was to end in tragedy, when Hill, flying his own light plane back from testing to Elstree airfield near London, crashed and was killed along with Brise and three other members of his team.

He had scaled one other height as a driver, sharing victory for Matra in the celebrated Le Mans 24 Hours race of 1972 and thus claiming the unique distinction of being Formula One World Champion twice, winning Indianapolis and Le Mans. Moreover by sheer hard work and assiduous rehearsal he had made himself into the most accomplished speaker, and his television double act with the emergent Jackie Stewart became a great favourite on British screens. The manner of his death was a bitter end to a life in motor racing which his son Damon has carried on with great distinction, and in the same beloved LRC colours. English from his crash-hat to his neatly-trimmed moustache, Graham Hill was not only Mr Monaco; to many of the sport's most ardent followers, he was Mr Motor Racing. Hill's climb took him to the pinnacle of his profession. □



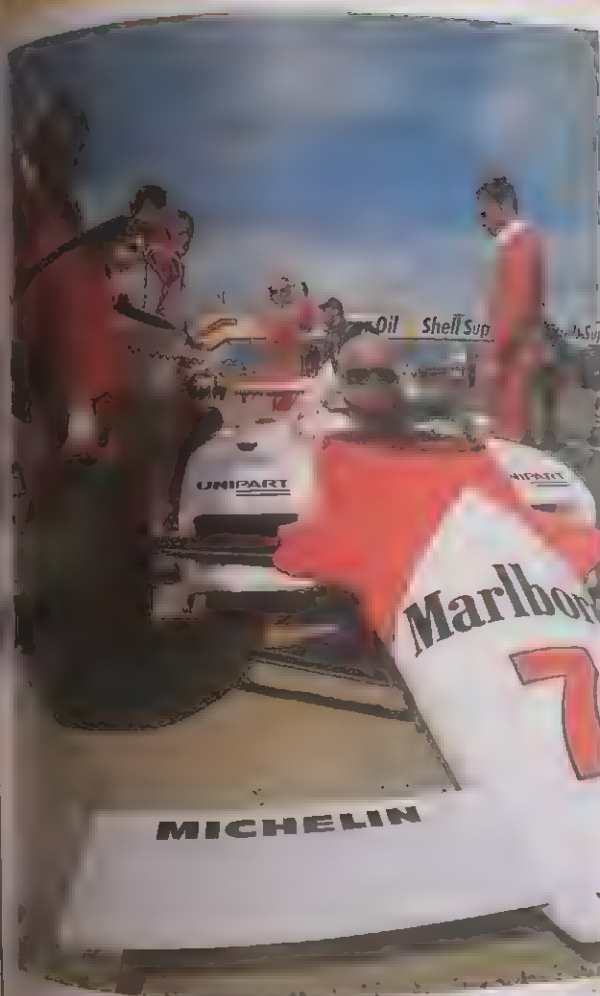


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## OUTSIDE LOOKING IN



## HAD TO BE WATTIE

BY ANDY SMITH

It had to be Wattie — who else would be behind the wheel of a McLaren lapping dank Thruxton in September for the benefit of a few hundred spectators?

It had to be Wattie — three years since he had sat in a Formula One car for the last time in a race, he was back in a McLaren cockpit — strictly a demonstration effort, you understand. It had to be Wattie. Ron Dennis said so. The McLaren team boss gives strict instructions about who is allowed in his cars and apart from Senna and Prost, naturally, and test driver Emanuele Pirro, he trusts only Keke Rosberg and Wattie so September, Thruxton. It had to be Wattie.

Not that John Watson has any ideas about making a Formula One come back — even if Senna or Prost were sidelined, it would be Pirro, who would drive instead of the 43-year-old Ulsterman. He realised some time ago that his Formula One days were over, even before he made his 152nd and last Grand Prix appearance in the Grand Prix of Europe at Brands Hatch in 1985.

At each race it seems his eye is inevitably drawn to his old team.

The most complete package in motor racing today, he propounds but there is a significant note of concern for his former teammate Alain Prost.

He's 34 now and readjusting his sense of priorities. He sees Senna doing things on the track, especially in traffic, that he isn't prepared to do himself anymore. "Watson, though often a remote and solitary figure, has been Prost's friend and confidant since the little Frenchman joined McLaren initially in 1980. He thinks the ex World Champion is now at ease with the judgements he has to make when racing. "Priorities do change and he is in a difficult situation. Senna is strong and forceful, he'll push to a degree that Prost is not prepared to go to anymore. Senna's mental and physical approach is dedicated to the sport more than anyone else — ever. He has such awesome ability, intelligence and self belief. Like at Monaco where he pulled out a second on Prost in qualifying. Now, I know that there isn't anywhere on Monaco where you can pull out a second on Prost." There is no difference, he emphasises between Senna and Prost in ability — just commitment. "Senna has no trouble passing people on the track. His arrival is so positive, he thrusts at the back marker and makes it known that he's not prepared to wait that he is going through."

Wattie knows a thing or two about overtaking. Zandvoort 1983 fired by McLaren's casual treatment of him and preferential attitude towards Lauda he worked his way through from 15th on the grid to third at the finish. Two months earlier at Detroit he qualified 21st and claimed third place at the flag. Before then at Long Beach he had qualified 22nd and passed everything on the streets to win. Now, as a Grand Prix analyst he knows why Prost is not doing it. "He has developed a wishy washy approach to passing. He's not aggressive enough but that is the nature of the beast. It's becoming a major weakness in his armoury."

Criticising a driver he admires causes Watson's brow to furrow. Though the criticism is qualified with his unquestioned admiration for McLaren. Their success story he believes is due to one man — Ron Dennis. Yet he and Dennis have cruised swords often in the past and Dennis was the man who terminated Watson's Formula One career at the end of that 1984 season when he had finished sixth in the championship and only seven points behind Prost. The opportunity to sign Prost, unexpected as it was, came from Renault. Watson had a chance to miss and Watson was left waiting for a contract offer that never materialised.

When Dennis arrived at the team, it was lagging behind technologically, nowhere near as advanced as Williams or Brabham at the time. Dennis, with Barnard and the backing of McLaren, determined that a Formula One car with a carbon fibre composite chassis was necessary to progress. They introduced technology at a higher level than anyone else. Those years (1982-3) were not easy compared with the last three or four for McLaren but they continued looking forward, saw the possibilities of turbo engines and Dennis courted Mansour Ojjeh of Techniques d'Avant Garde to further the development of the Porsche unit up to three years early. The engine won world championships for Lauda (1984) and Prost (1985 and 1986). Now they make winning look easy. There was no luck involved in winning fifteen out of sixteen races in 1988. It was the Honda contribution that provided the impetus for the 1988 season. It elevated the team to new heights. McLaren may not have the ultimate best chassis, it may not be the best car aerodynamically, but the sum of the parts is the best. If McLaren are the team of all the talents, then who can possibly challenge and how soon? Watson likes the look of the Williams team best. The Renault engine has a lot of potential — it's bloody good. Everyone assumes



McLaren's 1988 season — long haul — the old Watson win

that Japanese engines are unbeatable but they have better engineers or brains than there are in Europe. They just have a different work ethic and perhaps more dedication. Their philosophy is a different one. The Japanese are so strong commercially that they have the capability of swamping the rest of the world. Renault as a commercial Fiat too probably have a better chance of doing it. Watson is waiting to get together with a team.

But Watson must find two drivers who are better than the two then a team can be made up. The engine package is a package with McLaren. It's a team has to be put together. It doesn't necessarily mean that I will win. I will have to remember Lotus and Honda. See the team that Ferrari brought together and won. Nigel Mansell, Gerhard Berger, Michele Alboreto, and the three drivers that made the team. That's the way to do it. It's a case with Honda. It's a maturity in his driving now coupled with that raw speed. I am sure the ambition and motivation is still there."

There is concern though for Gerhard Berger. That Imola accident will take some time to overcome. The physical and mental shock will be with him for a while. Even so, I thought before Berger was out that Mansell was gaining the advantage within the team.

So is it just Ferrari and Williams that can seriously hope to threaten McLaren in the near future? March is still a growing team. Capell and Goughlin are very capable drivers and the car will go well on some tracks. Benetton — I just don't understand what's going on there. They had all the

potential in the world but then didn't develop it. It's not fair to call them an up-and-coming team any more they've been around a long time. Rory Byrne is a brilliant designer always likely to produce something different but they've had limited opportunities because they have had a different engine every year till now and that's resulted in a lack of consistency. But Rory's abilities are unquestioned, he is the brightest, most lateral thinking designer in Formula One."

"Brabham, I've always had a soft spot for them having started my career with them way back in 1973 and Martin Brundle was my teammate at Jaguar in Sportscar racing. They are the most friendly operation in the paddock and their whole package is good for their requirements — a straightforward car with two good young hungry drivers. In 1990 when they go to a twelve or a ten cylinder engine then I think they will be in a position to contemplate victory. What of the Brits? "These days Mansell is best placed to give us results. Warwick is a super driver, a great guy to have in a team and that's very important, but he's been around in Grands Prix since 1981 — over a hundred races and still not won. I think his ability and motivation is stronger than ever, it's the opportunity to win that's required. The Arrow was a good car, but the team has been around since 1978 and still not won a Grand Prix and I think it's unlikely at this stage that we will see the car beating the opposition. Johnny Herbert looks to be Britain's best long term hope, but it's a long road and it takes a long time to develop. Watson did not greet Herbert's drive into fourth place at Rio with



McLaren's 1988 season — long haul — the old Watson win

the same gung-ho euphoria that emanated from the papers that night. Our boys-when-we-feel-like-it he praised with a note of caution. Fourth at Rio was a great result, especially when he was still overcoming the dreadful handicaps imposed by that big accident at Brands in Formula 3000 last season. It was a great result, for a great drive but was false hope. As soon as he's not competitive as he was in Brazil they'll be asking 'What's up with that?' It must be remembered this is his first season. You cannot understand Formula One in a year — especially after a major accident. Watson believes that Mansell is the British driver who will make most of this season, Brundle is for the short future and Mansell is in the long term. That of course is such neat theorising that it is quite likely to be wrecked immediately. Palmer could justify his tremendous ability, but so far he has never been in the right place at the right time. There's plenty of self doubt there and what might he do with a good team? Mansell, still waiting for his chance at Lotus, should really be in the right now — he's probably likely to move in and go. He has some advantages over a present after Herbert's setback."

Next driver to win a Formula One for the first time is not then who might it be? Mansell, Berger, Piquet, Arnoux and Patrese. "I don't see that altering at all, not in

normal circumstances with a straight forward race. Maybe Thierry Boutsen might win one for Williams but at this stage that is the only possibility. Nannini will soon have a new Benetton and will have the chance then perhaps to make an impact but it looks bleak for the rest. For a man with so much experience (152 Grands Prix — only five winners have competed more — Patrese, Arnoux, Lafitte, Lauda and Piquet) Watson suggests that he might want to play a more integral role in Formula One, but Watson is happier on the fringe. "The politics of the sport don't interest me at all. I wouldn't want to be a part of a revamped Grand Prix Drivers' Association."



An organisation in this every so often gets up and bails and puts about something or other. The authorities anyway would take little notice — it would need someone of real stature to hear it. A Jackie Stewart of the modern era for example — so Prost I suppose is the only man around of that calibre."

In any case I think that the Formula One organisations are handling things well. A lot of moves since the Streiff accident for instance were already in hand through Paris. Just at the moment I think motor racing's requirements are being quite well thought out. You see any accident, whether it's a racing car or an aeroplane, brings new problems. The crash usually happens because of something that somebody hasn't thought of. You cannot account for it. It's a question of eventually but I don't think it's a reason to return to the Grand Prix Drivers' Association."

Watson turning up in the capacity of an advisor to the Grand Prix Drivers' Association. "I have might be a bit of a body. Frankly I don't think I'll be the most popular. I'll be for the most part a good honest humorist and a good guy. Axes, good up and out. I expect Wattie to be around the paddock and box for a while. The Grand Prix Drivers' Association is a good idea. I thought it was a good idea. I think there might be another chance to see that McLaren."





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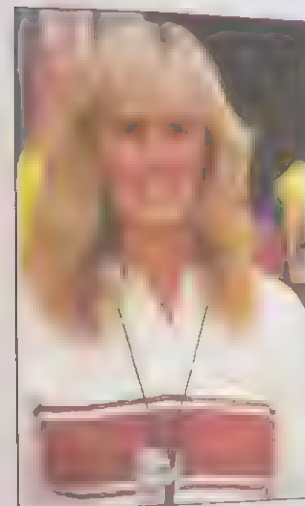


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# FAST LADY

By [Name]

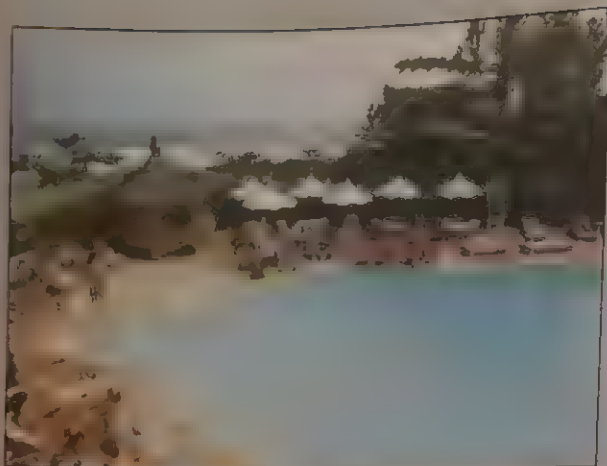


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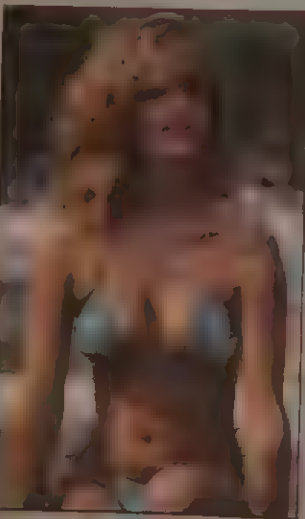
Racing is dangerous, so all the... and the tickets for the British... Prix at Silverstone will tell... The driver who gets in his car... the race tracks at speeds... of 100mph is certainly... dangerously, but what about... This who can only bask in... ed glory of the handful of... this world who are Grand... ers just how hostile is this... ne sport which takes us... e steamy beaches of Rio via... e hysteria of Monza to the... eam and safety of Adelaide... of churches?

If you only know Grand Prix motor racing from the comfort of your armchair on a Sunday night thanks to the dulcet tones of Murray Walker and James Hunt, then you must think we have a fairly easy time. There are the drivers flogging round in circles and the mechanics keeping their momentum going, but if you watch your TV screen then the rest of us either pose when the sun shines or stay tucked safely away in the motor homes when it rains. Various people do take the line of least resistance and are only there to be seen or to enjoy someone else's

hospitality, but for the majority there are untold dramas that make our year a little less glamorous. My Grand Prix season started in Jerez for testing. What does the song say 'the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain'. Well, I can assure you that in February this is just what it did and in parts, around the rather quiet town of Jerez. Now Jerez is famous for its Sherry Bodegas where the likes of Mr. Gonzalez and Mr. Weiss connect a brew traditionally associated with a time of peace and quiet - the pre lunch or dinner aperitif. But once the Grand Prix



...the new Renault engine was likely to be



round and round day after day testing each component and seeing how good the new Renault engine was likely to be

I suppose my season really started in the British Airways medical centre in central London with Eddie Jordan's second cousin sticking a needle in my backside. Eddie is better known as a leading team manager in F3000.

Before you get any strange ideas this lady who had a very soothing manner with her oversized strange was providing me with protection from hepatitis and any other nasty disease that lurked in the heat of Rio. It was just in the course of small talk — the sort you have while lying face down on a bed waiting for the searing pain in the appropriate place — that I found out who her famous cousin was.

Duly protected from the nasties off I went to Rio. Although those of us at home might find this hard to believe when it comes to facilities for working — whether you are a journalist, a PR person or a mechanic — on a scale of 1 to 10 Rio would score one while Silverstone scored ten. It was almost comforting to encounter seasoned Italian Formula One journalist and ex Ferrari team manager Franco Lini and find out that as usual the telephones hadn't been working, the press office was hot and steam, and the currency had been devalued again — about once a year they deduct three noughts and start from scratch again.

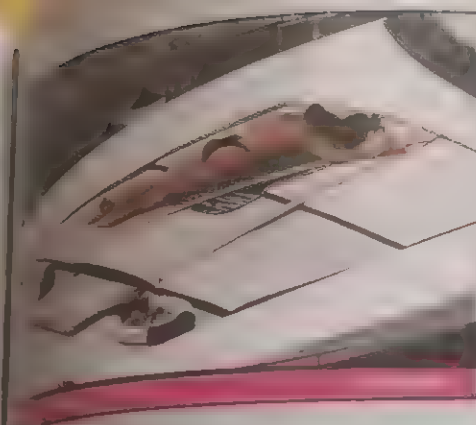
Each year we have what is known as our Rio virgin — a person going there for the first time with no idea of what



lies in wait. This year without doubt that title had to be given to the new FISA Press Supremo, Martin Whitaker. It says a lot for Martin's ability that as an 'O' level standard French speaking Brit he has been welcomed into the bosom of the very Gallic FISA like the prodigal son. It also says a lot for him that he coped well with a press office that even he in his wildest pre-Rio nightmares could not have visualised.

My Rio this year was rather uneventful, but the dangers are always there. Go on the beaches looking like a tourist and you will find yourself relieved of anything faintly valuable by an enthusiastic local. The person who takes his Rolex to Rio is either stupid or looking for a nice insurance hand out! Spend too much time in the sun and you could end up with sun stroke or, for some people, worst of all a peeling suntan. And perhaps more importantly, drink too much caipirinha and the nastiest hangover you have ever had awaits you. For the uninitiated, this is a drink made from sugar cane alcohol, sugar, lime juice and ice. As an idea of how potent this can be just remember that the cars are run on this particular brew — without the sugar, lime and ice!

Before you get the impression that Rio is one of my least favourite places let me put you right. I have great fun there and a few days in 100 degrees heat in March are always welcome. Touch wood I have survived all the rigours of the place with nothing worse than the odd mosquito bite, a suitcase sitting in the chaotic airport for a week longer than I was there and, oh yes, there was the night of the caipirinha bender! This was in my youth and I was soon put



...ing such things by a journalist told me that when his wife had indulged in a similar way he found her next morning that she was like a Sao Paulo taxi rank — not for a girl's ego.

What of other places? I will never eat Chicken Paprika again in Hungary and a Lada hire car is not something I enjoy driving. Monza is the least favourite circuit where I've been personally but the stories are legendary. There's the one about the man who had a pantechnicon offered for a small fee to keep the motorbikes of spectators safe while they were watching their favourite heroes. Once the truck was on his way! There was even the journalist who went for his notebook to record some of these stories, only to find the book had been stolen from his shirt pocket. My good friend Nigel Roebuck thinks I am a philistine for hating Monza so much, but I keep telling him if he were female with blond hair and an ample bottom then he might feel differently.

Despite general belief, there is not always a five star hotel with jacuzzis and massage parlours within walking distance of the track. There might well be at places such as Monte Carlo, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The least impressive for me of the year is Japan. For some reason the Japanese seem to think everything should be on a miniature scale so the hotel I stay at in a place called Yokkaichi near Suzuka has rooms that definitely resemble dog kennels. The bathrooms are made so you walk in and reverse out there are no cupboards at all for clothes and basically you can do everything without walking more than a couple of paces. However they do have massage facilities — one colleague who shall remain nameless decided he needed relaxation after a fraught day and got more than he bargained for. The female who resembled a sumo wrestler applied the massage with vigour and then when offering a more personal service was most

disgruntled when her services were refused. A shaken man felt he had done well to escape with his towel still intact.

My personal disappointment about Grand Prix racing is the demise of the Detroit race. Despite stories spread far and wide about how dangerous Motown is, I have always loved the place. They have the biggest and best ice-cream parlours I have ever seen, although the policeman to whom I offered a lick of my chocolate and vanilla extravaganza seemed more frightened of me than any would-be muggers and roared off on his Harley Davidson look-a-like as fast as he could. The restaurants are great fun although the Ethiopian one we were taken to by one of the press office staff was not the biggest gourmet experience of my life — I like knives and forks to eat my food with even if it does resemble lumps of mud — and the Hungarian Chicken Paprika pales into insignificance when I think about where else could you imagine standing in a town centre bopping to the sound of Levi Stubbs and the rest of the Four Tops at a wonderful live concert? This was a great evening but a little short on liquid refreshment until the diminutive Josef Willi Dungs' colleague who looks after the health of Ayrton Senna joined us. With not a second thought he rushed off into the throng round the bar, where

others in our party who were much beefier than he refused to go, and arrived back laden with beers. I couldn't help feeling he had tucked the future World Champion up with the words 'do as I say and not as I do'. Motor racing is full of people who enjoy the sport, and are not short of a sense of humour. There was the time in Hungary when the members of FOPA — the Formula One Photographers' Association — decided to switch roles and stand in front of the camera for a group shot. There they were all smiles waiting for the click of the shutter when Ivan Capelli rushed out of the March motor home, doused them with icy water and ran back in to safety. Happily they all took it in good part — after all they formed FOPA to prove that they do not take themselves seriously — but beware Ivan: from now on you can guarantee that your most unflattering photos will always grace the pages of the magazine!

Most people consider that being a woman — sorry girl — in a man's world must be difficult, but I can assure you that nothing could be farther from the truth. Mind you as it is 18 years since I first started working full-time in motor sport, I can't remember that clearly what it was like in the early days. I can quite honestly say that being female has never made any difference to how I have been treated, except that when I am struggling through the paddock with my usual oversized, overstuffed work bag I never have any shortage of gentlemen rushing to save me and give themselves hernias. Whatever job you are doing to earn a living has to be done well and in Formula One, like any other business — it is difficult to consider this multi-million dollar industry as a sport — the end result is always what people judge you on, not what shape you are. Though I must admit that when a very well respected PR man told me that there were three important assets needed to be good in this business I realised that I had all three — they were blonde hair, blue eyes and big...! □







I found the whole business absolutely fascinating," he says with relish. "The thing I most enjoyed about Indy cars was the challenge of having to design a chassis which was good round Long Beach and also capable of getting round Indy at well over 200mph. People in Europe tend to sneer at it because they've never tried it and at first glance, you might be forgiven for thinking it's a very straightforward business. At Indy you are faced with four corners, all taken at roughly the same speed. So take an example you've got an understeer problem. On the face of it there are many ways of fixing it. You can crank on more front wing or fiddle with the roll bar for example... but the margins are so fine and the fact that you have these four very similar corners means you can try all sorts of things. Different springs and dampers on all four corners, one nose wing up, one down... I mean when the things go rumbling out of the pits it looks almost as if the accident has already happened!"

For 1985, Newey was entrusted with overall responsibility for the design of the March 85C. Modestly, he describes the end result as "reasonable, I suppose. It was good enough to do the job although I was never particularly proud of it."

Nonetheless, it was good enough that Penske opted to use 85Cs for much of 1985 — shelving their own PC12 — and it was in one of Adrian's designs that Danny Sullivan scored his historic Indy 500 win. Adrian's cars would also win at the Speedway for the following two years.

The 86C was the end result of a similar design process, assimilating the lessons of the previous year. But again, Newey considered it to be too much of a committee effort. "But, for better or worse, it was my car," he allows. "I suppose it taught me that if you don't define something specifically — and oversee it completely — then you can hardly complain if it doesn't really turn out the way you want it."

At the end of 1985, he quit Truesports because he felt he'd gone as far as he could with them. "I wanted a team where I could have a partnership with the team manager, and I don't think this was possible with Steve Horne."

During his spell at Truesports, he also had the offer of joining Ferrari to oversee the technical side of a proposed collaboration which would have seen Ferrari construct its own Indy car — and then pass it to Truesports who would act as the factory

entrant. This idea came about because in 1985, everybody began to realise that engine wars could well sweep Indy car racing like they had Formula One. Adrian explains: "In the event he backed away from the offer — which was just as well. Had he joined Ferrari, he might have found himself in a bit of a bind. Enzo Ferrari was a very powerful man for Indy the following year. Newey switched to the Kraco Steves team, where he engineered Michael Andretti's assault on the CART title. That switch meant he missed engineering Rahal's winning efforts at Indy, but he came away with a shrewd assessment of both drivers and their contrasting talents.

"Bobby is a bloody good driver," he enthuses to this day. "Very intelligent. He's capable of providing good feedback for the engineers. It's a bit late for Formula One now, but he would have been up to the standard of, say, Nelson Piquet, perhaps even a bit better. He's quick enough, keeps out of trouble and easy on the machinery..." Newey also enjoyed working with Michael, although "he lacked Rahal's feel in that respect, in fact, he wasn't as good as his father..." Adrian was able to draw this comparison because he later engineered Mario's Newman-Haas Lola through the first part of 1986 after the FORCE Formula One programme fell through, quickly forming a high opinion of Andretti Senior's talent and flair. "Even so, Michael would almost certainly have taken the '86 CART title if it hadn't been for a spate of engine problems. He led more laps than anyone that year, was very enthusiastic and absolutely willing to try anything," Newey remembers.



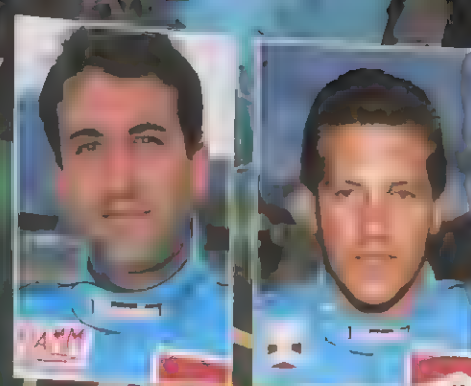
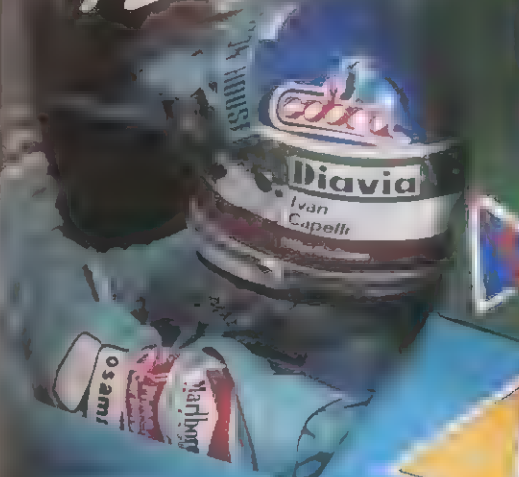
Adrian freely admits that his abortive skirmish with Ferrari only went to engineer the market opened up for him in the following years. For Grand Prix racing, he really wanted to be involved with March Racing. "I'd always got a great admiration for Tim Hollaway," he explains, "and I rang me up asking whether I was interested in joining the new organisation. It was already on the road — Alan Mertens had been the 871 — but it's a small enough company to be attractive and obviously had the potential to grow.

One of the problems at FORCE was that it quickly turned into a big team with a lot of infighting. I mean by the time it packed up, there was me, Neil Oatley, Ross Brawn, John Baldwin, Bob Bell and George Rytton — all of whom went on to become chief designers, in their own right for other teams. I think Teddy Mayer liked a policy of design by confrontation..."

"So March Racing seemed ideal. Good budget, good sponsor — and a lot of people I already knew working there. Did he ever feel that the 881 was slightly over-complex? "In fact," he replies, "the design took rather less time than I would have liked. The wind tunnel test programme, for example, was pretty intense, but I think the whole basic shape of the car was evolved in three weeks.

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# STRAIGHT LINES

## THE DEREK WARWICK COLUMN

(John Townsend)



end of the session, we weighed the risk of someone spilling oil on the track and decided to use ours up at the start. Third for a while, then bumped down to sixth. Raceday was when things really took a downward turn, especially where the Warwick rear end was concerned! In warm up, on my first lap, there was a fuel leak into the cockpit, so it was time for a quick decision: stay in there and suffer (remember it's a special brew we use, not your everyday petrol) or stop and risk getting no real balance on the car. Six laps in

heroic disregard for my burning nether regions were rewarded with sixth quickest time of the session.

Next came trouble with the carbon fibre clutch at the start, and a stalled engine — you can't slip these clutches as you could the old ones, they're either in or out. Hats off to FISA, by the way, for building in the regulation that allows for a restart when a driver finds himself in that impossible situation — and for helping avoid what would have been made, by the very narrowness of that Monaco track, into a mega-shunt. Two laps into the race proper, I saw smoke in the cockpit, knew there was a short circuit behind the dashboard, and that it had shortened my Monaco circuit to a mere four miles or so of racing! My nether regions were not the only thing smarting when we came away, I can tell you.

Monaco, after all, is a circuit where we had expected to be competitive, a feeling confirmed by qualifying. To have finished on the rostrum there, which I thought entirely within our grasp, would have given us real credibility at this early stage of the season. But you can only do that if you finish, and although Eddie Cheever made it to the finish in seventh position there were a few long faces in the camp.

Mind you, not as long as my brother Paul's. I spent much of the Friday at Monaco with him as he prepared his Cellnet Reynard for the famous Formula



at the time — as here — Monaco

cases. Warwick was not alone in suffering again. I seemed to have shared Berger's when a little something went wrong with the engine in the first lap, which I was pretty sure was a problem. I was running well, but when I saw the Ferrari in front of me, I saw the grass along the wall — and every thing just exploded. Your immediate worry then is to avoid a bit of suspension or wheel damage to your own path, but as I passed where overhard's car had come to rest, I saw him there — and in the same split second I went up in flames. I was a little bit of a mess, but I was not hurt — but what has happened since then? Sometimes what we were saying in an earlier column about everything that has been going on in recent years in the safety of the sport and of its drivers in particular. It seemed a fact that overhard was going to be the one to make it, in a way, in Mexico — where, of course he has happier memories even





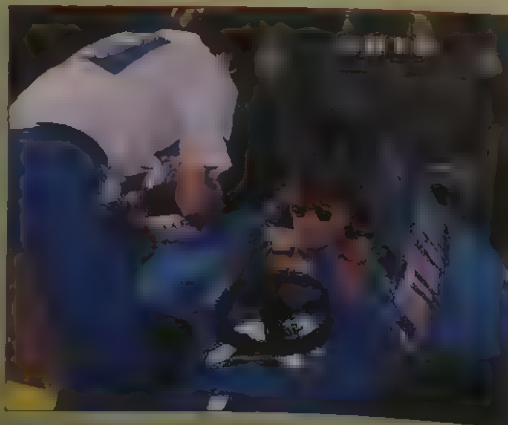
# PITFALLS



Monaco on Friday is, in many ways, a journalist's dream. No practice, little other activity apart from elbow-bending or sun worship: drivers aplenty with nothing to do. Just the time for an off-beat interview — or so our Italian television friend here thought. Not so Messrs Piquet and Cheever: when the mood takes them, Nelson and Eddie are among the paddock's more humorous citizens, so why not just quietly undress the poor chap in front of his own camera? Everyone else in Monaco was peeling off.. ■



EE



Traffic is a constant problem for Grand Prix drivers —but not usually in the paddock! At Imola, with twenty teams involved, some with more than one transporter, moving around was difficult in the extreme. It threw up another disadvantage of not pre-qualifying, too: when the Onyx truck attempted its Friday evening getaway, a number of other "residents" had to dismantle their hospitality units before they could be on their way. ■

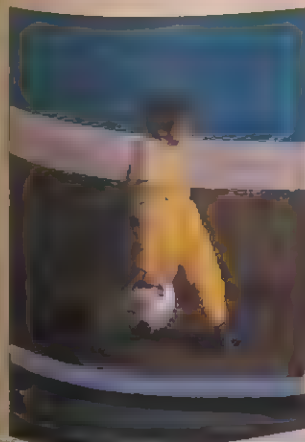


Similar problem in Monaco... Trucks are unwelcome among the Rollers and Lambos anyway, so the French TV man who drove in with a load of building materials for the house he is building down there and moved on to his hotel was met by an even frostier doorman than usual. "Deliveries to the tradesmen's entrance at the back, please." Television person retorts that he is a paying guest, whips open back of truck and reveals — a solitary suitcase. "You must park it in France, monsieur", rejoins hotel minion. Monaco is small — the parking space was found in France 200 yards away

At his Monaco "press conference", Ron Dennis earnestly said McLaren wanted their motor racing to be fun. This in itself was a newsworthy revelation, but also one which Monsieur Prost's subsequent remarks (see 'Keeping Track') were bound to overshadow. Scenes of domestic bliss like this, it seems, are a thing of the McLaren past... ■



LUKE GIBBS



75



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"Street Fighter"  
Martin Brundle, Brabham, Monaco 1989

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# SPEED READING

**FAMOUS RACING CARS**  
By Doug Nye  
Published by Guild Publishing  
by arrangement with  
Patrick Stephens Limited.  
Price £16.95

**JIM CLARK: THE LEGEND LIVES ON**  
By Graham Gauld  
Patrick Stephens Limited £14.95

Graham Gauld's fond but frank study of Jim Clark reappears, like its sorely-missed subject, as an old familiar friend — but with some pleasing new traits to enjoy. Now in its third edition, the book at last contains an excellent colour section of portraits and the man in inimitable action. At the end, too, Gauld has analysed the enduring appeal of Jim Clark to generations of drivers and fans who never actually knew him, spicing these pages with material from his own unmatched collection of tapes and other archive material. This is neither a bland examination of a peerless racing career, nor a mawkish memorial to a driver whom Gauld knew so closely. On the contrary, it asks pertinent questions about the stuff of legends, makes canny use of other people's anecdotes, and contrives a balanced view of one of the greatest drivers the world has seen. To have known Jim Clark well must have been an enriching experience; Gauld's book allows those of us less privileged than himself in that respect to share and appreciate that experience.



Clark — the legend lives on

(PEI)

**BOOK OF RACING CAR TRACK TESTS**  
By Willie Green  
Edited by Mark Hughes  
Published by Patrick Stephens Ltd.  
Price £14.95

What do you actually say to a man who has had the opportunity to drive thirty of the most famous racing cars in history, has been paid for the privilege and then has the nerve to earn money again by telling us about it? Various phrases came to mind but this is a fine magazine with an editor who too, has a way with words...and chequebooks.

Willie Green and Mark Hughes are surely lucky men — "this track test was one of those moments of sheer opportunism which began in time-honoured fashion over a beer" says the author in the opening of his chapter on the Maserati 450s. Would that I could find their pub. The book is meticulously put together, affectionately designed and positively evocative. It tells it as it really is... but I found myself wondering after a while who would really want to read such a book. Whilst of quite estimable reading value in the excellent Classic and Sportscar magazine, I felt I wanted something extra in the book form — comments and opinions from the drivers who had actually raced those magnificent machines, who had spent hours even days testing their chargers for real, who had experienced successes and failures, who had hated or loved the time spent in the cockpits of these wonderful machines. Without this element I felt just plain envious of Willie Green, not perhaps the most persuasive reason to rush out and buy the book, or indeed to take it on a permanent loan from the editor.

# IN THE NEXT ISSUE



(Alisport/Vardystadi)

Racing for Britain: five men joined battle with the Frosts, Sennas and Bergers of this world at Silverstone. How did they fare? David Tremayne's inimitable style records the highs and lows of international fortune in the latest batch of 1989 Grands Prix, while Maurice Hamilton offers the alternative — and authoritative — view of Formula One proceedings.

After five years a Tyrrell driver got on the rostrum again when Michele Alboreto took his 018 to third place in Mexico. David Tremayne finds out from the popular Italian how life really is in Ken Country these days.

(Sporting Pictures)



Twenty years ago, John Young Stewart won a memorable British Grand Prix in a duel with Jochen Rindt. Nigel Roebuck recalls that famous day, while JYS himself talks to PEI about life then and now, in and out of the hot seat: how has life changed in two decades of Formula One?

## ON SALE AUGUST 10th

Ford was the power behind Stewart's successes. As we await the new V8 that will challenge the might of Honda, Ferrari and Renault, Dan Knutson looks behind the scenes in Detroit and England: is Ford still a power in the Grand Prix land?



(Freezing Speed/Blokker)

Timing is all, in motor sport perhaps more than anywhere. When drivers are not setting times themselves, they are desperate to check what the opposition is doing. Kaspar Arnet of Longines is the man who makes it possible, and an in-depth interview with PEI reveals how the Swiss company has perfected this high-tech art.

Driver features... the Derek Warwick column... reviews of Grand Prix books, and a laugh or two along the way: all this and more in the next issue of the only magazine devoted to Formula One, PRIX EDITIONS INTERNATIONAL.



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(Keith Sutton)

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